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LITTLE WHITE LIES

Truth & Movies

THE
TETRO
ISSUE

more!

**"THERE IS
ONLY ROOM
FOR ONE
GENIUS IN
THIS FAMILY."**

CHAPTER ONE
IN WHICH WE
DISCUSS
TETRIS

TETRO MAY ECHO THE THEMES OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S PAST MASTERPIECES, BUT THIS IS THE RETURN OF AN ARTIST, NOT A LEGEND.





*IN REJECTING THE
DEMANDS OF SUCCESS
AND THE TETHERS
OF EXPECTATION,
COPPOLA HAS BEEN
SEOUCEO ONCE MORE
BY THE ROMANTIC
POSSIBILITY OF
CINEMA.*



A bonfire shaped across an Augustine street is illuminated by lamplight. 'The wind sweeps the road,' it reads, 'you cannot go back.' It is a sentiment that will come to haunt Anglo and Berliner. Torn from us, put aside that bitter memory of the past and embrace their future like the so much in Francis Ford Coppola's *Tetro*, these words are opposite to the life of the director himself.

At times when it's as though Coppola will never be allowed to escape his past, a guru of American cinema, he has hypocrite embraced and emulated. In *Horror*, varying the burden of genre for almost four decades.

He was 35-year-old in 1971. By the time he turned 40, he had changed the shape of American cinema. *The Godfather* and its sequel, *The Concourse* and *Apocalypse Now* intelligent, innovative and audacious, each too was driven by an unfaltering commitment to the art of cinema, a reckless passion that took their director to the brink, and then beyond.

These were the years of *annihilation* – of knowledge and experience, of impulsion, mythology, power and wealth. Of an iconic status within the canon of American film that both exalted and exonerated Coppola in the follow years that followed.

As an exuberated the appetite, Coppola became a self-inflicted

casualty in the war between art and commerce. Creatively bereft and financially bankrupt, by the early '90s he was no more than a studio stiff for hire – a schlocky comedy hero, a legal pot-boiler there – until finally starting *werewolf* *annihilation*.

At 71, Coppola has undergone a long and necessary transformation – a period of divestment to offset the greedy acquisitiveness of success. The name, of course, remains and with it the shards of memory and reputation that connect him to the past. But as the director returns to filmaking for only the second time in a decade, there is much that has been left behind.

The young man's conceit has been replaced with a more modest ambition, to return to the personal film-making of his roots, to the memory of *The Barn People*, made in 1969 when he was still a filmaker rather than a legend. *Greppi* shot that film from the back of a mobile film studio that downloaded innovation and flexibility. Now he's re-embracing that ethos of creative freedom, stripping away the complexity of the process as an effort to re-imagine something real.

And in doing so, to doing what other filmakers of his generation have promised but never delivered, in rejecting the demands of success and the tether of expectation, Coppola has been, if not re-born, then re-energised – surfaced once more by the romantic possibility of cinema. ➤

The result is *Tetro*, his first original screenplay since *The Commencement* – a poetic drama that evokes the great themes of family, murky dreams and betrayal, but in a style and on a canvas far removed from the director's extreme epic work. *Tetro* is Coppola's best film in a generation – low on budget, high on ideas, stylistically bold and thematically rich. With its three-act structure and narrative drive, *Tetro* may not be an art film per se but with a delicacy of construction that belies powerful undercurrents of drama and tragedy, it is evident that a cinematic art has finally returned to work – something many thought he may be.

In the film's opening image, a moth is attracted unerringly to light, establishing a motif of inevitable self-destruction that will illuminate the film as haunted writer Angelo Tercuolo (Alberto Iglesias) – a "genius without the accomplishments" – struggles to reconcile himself to the betrayals of his family.

The progeny of sin – his father is the great composer Carlo Tercuolo, his mother an opera singer and famous beauty killed in a car accident

with her son as the wheel – Tero has crossed the world to escape his past, fitting up in an Argentinian asylums, has upholstered his story slathered to his chair, but the story lacks an ending, one that will be provided by his half-brother, Benito (Alden Ehrenreich), who has come to Buenos Aires to confront the sibling who abandoned him and ill in the blanda that have disrupted the narrative of his own life.

Benito finds Tero living with his girlfriend, Mariana (Maribel Verdú) in a small apartment in a bohemian quarter of the city. Here, Tero has carved a reputation as an unruly artist, the lord of men who will start a fight over the question of whether language is dead. Tero is a wounded animal hobbling on a crutch, but where the cast on his leg will be removed, Benito's visit response emotional fissures that will take longer to heal.

And as Benito delves into the secrets of his brother's life and work, he too will be left irrevocably changed by the experience, even as he unlocks his own creative voice and offers Tero a second to both their stories.

This drama – the shared journey of a sophisticate and an innocent – may echo *The Rain People*, but *Tetro* is a more unflinching and artful piece of work. Shifting in gorgeous shades of black and white, cinematographer Mikha Mamikashvili applies his reverence and poetry of the South American landscapes, from the street horse carts of La Boca, Buenos Aires to the moonless, backdropped Patagonia.

It is Coppola's first film in 15 years, since 1983's *Rumble Fish*, another story about siblings and their revenge. But where that film had a muscular texture, the high-contrast photography of *Tetro* – influenced by the work of Antonioni and Kurasawa – is more poignantly bittersweet and atmospheric. Indeed, the film is more successful as a mood piece than a drama, with its stirring compositions that capture the spirit of the city.

Coppola's shoddy geebts see the film switch to colour at key moments where, as the emotional drama crescendos, the traditional language of cinema fails, just as words have deserted Tero at the climax of his play.

Indeed, inspired by Powell and Pressburger's *The Red Shoes* and *The Tales of Hoffman*, Coppola argues into an impressionistic ballet to create a cinema of pure spectacle. This collision between the aesthetic and the cutting-edge (the latter are enhanced by visual effects) temts the director engaged in establishing a new kind of expression, a "total cinema" in which different forms of expression – literature, art, theatre, music – come together to animate a singular extraordinary vision.

There is, of course, an incest factor in a film of Coppola's that tucks the themes of family, rivalry and genetics. Tero speaks to the director's own biography – his father was an award-winning composer and musician, his mother an actress – but it is now Coppola himself who is the dominant figure within an extended family of artists. Or perhaps that paternal figure is the director's dialogue with his father's self. It is, after all, his own reputation, not his father's, that now haunts Coppola's every move – his own past that is the demanding force from which he's straining to escape. ►





Accordingly, while *Tetro* is a film of great passion, it is surely a more sympathetic and reflective work than he would or could have made as a rebellious adolescent. Tellingly, when the brothers' secret is revealed, it is the elder Tetro's regret, sadness and forgiveness that linger, rather than Bernice's rage and bitterness.

It is not only Coppola's history that is entwined with the film. Vincent Gallo brings a brooding vulnerability to the role of Tetro, rooted in his own image as the enfant terrible of Hollywood. He approaches the part without irony but with a fine range to that elusive spark of solipsity. Framed by angular planes of black and white light, Gallo seems every inch the romantic rebel, the uncompromising visionary whose outburst of passion are the stuff of legend.

In contrast, Alden Ehrenreich is the film's fresh face, a blank canvas on which Coppola has indelibly imprinted his mark. This is an extraordinary debut from a 20-year-old who holds the screen like a born star. Ehrenreich is the perfect foil for Gallo, offsetting his co-star's gazing intensity with sleepy-eyed beauty. With his boyish looks and magnetic charisma, Ehrenreich will draw profitable comparisons to a young Leonardo DiCaprio, but in Coppola's moody black-and-white bohemian, James Dean seems the more resonant touchstone.

Of course there are flaws. *Tetro* is caught somewhere between pure art film and straight drama, without going far enough in either direction to succeed entirely. The final act might charitably be described as 'operatic' in its summary though 'melodramatic' would fit the bill equally well. In fact, you could take a pair of scissors to a good portion of the last half-hour and

reshape it into something that fits more to the tone of the film after half.

But any disappointments need to be taken in context. Coppola is one of a generation of directors who came of age in the 1960s. They dreamed of re-creating Hollywood in their own image, with small-scale art films and personal vision. They succeeded in ways they could never have predicted, but it was their very success that took them away from the films they wanted to make. Today, while Scorsese tomes into genre, while Lucas plays digital games on the Skywalker Ranch, while Friedkin and Bogdanovich fade away, Coppola is here, now making the kind of film he believes in. Maybe if the other Movie Brats followed him, they'd make a better film than *Tetro*, but they're not, and they won't. Coppola can hold his head up. Because though you might not love the film he has made, you have to love the fact that he made it. Matt Baiochini

ANOTHER *Coppola* is the legend who almost disappeared. Any new film of his is cause for excitement, but also perhaps for impatience. 

REVIEW If it's of stunning visual and grand themes that urge slightly at key dramatic points, it may not be a masterpiece, but it is clearly the work of an impassioned artist. 

IN RETROSPECT Coppola has returned with an uncompromising static masterpiece that is worth a thousand of the films that most often compromise in producing. 

IF TETRO HAS MADE YOU MELANCHOLY FOR FILMS THAT DELVE INTO A DIRECTOR'S PAST, TRY THESE ALTERNATIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL CLASSICS.



WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)

WRITTEN BY Ingmar Bergman

The story goes like this: Ingmar Bergman was enjoying a pre-dinner drink from Stockholm to Uppsala. The house took him past his childhood home of Uppsala. He ate a sudden bolt of nostalgia and nostalgia, Bergman stepped off in the bone of his grandfather. Once inside the house he asked himself, "What could possibly catch into my childhood?" Thus inspired, he produced *Wild Strawberries*, twenty to mosquitoes for best lesson: memory is the fleshy soul. The story of an ageing professor on his way to accept an award whose journey comes to signify the passage from life to death, is marked by the symbolism of dreams and memory. It's here that the occasionally fidgety director opened himself up to the possibility of memory in his life, producing the most emotionally resonant film of his career.

8½ (1963)

WRITTEN BY Federico Fellini

By 1962, Federico Fellini had become one of cinema's pre-eminent auteur. Back-to-back triumphs with *The White Sheath*, *La Dolce Vita* cemented his reputation, and the world waited to see what he would do next. And as the world waited, Fellini theorized, *The World War II*, a film about a bumbling director trying to make a series of his own making – his life, loves and what's spelling beyond the camera. It is, of course, one of the greatest films ever made, and in that fact lies the heart of its auto-biographical edge: it is the perfect realization of Fellini's honeyed self-mockery, but also of his imagination, his power and his genius.

ALL THAT JAZZ (1979)

WRITTEN BY Bob Fosse

If this was Fellini's life and death in one gesture, *All That Jazz* is Bob Fosse's sprawling death-act wrapped in the glistening war-dance that defined his malevolent career. The director of *Cabaret* died of a heart attack at the age of 46 in 1980, a decade accurately predicted, here: Walter Schubert's Don Gideon vainly attempts to balance the competing demands of a spurned family, neglected actress, tormented producer and his own muse while singing a spectacular song-and-dance show. Propped up by a diet of pills and keeping desperately towards self-annihilation, Schubert is the fact on Fosse's funeral pyre in this giddy, vulgarious and unashamedly masturbatory film.

ALMOST FAMOUS (2000)

WRITTEN BY Cameron Crowe

Though not without its bicks (that the film originally cast as patient Russell) (Hannibal) but bickering of the production) and a disagreement with the studio (Cameron Crowe wanted to call the film *United*), *Almost Famous* emerged as a warm-hearted and fondly lit account of Crowe's early years as a music journalist for *Rolling Stone* magazine. Beyond the auto-biographical details and a seductive air of nostalgia, the film is concerned in the mapping and memory of the director's life, from the actual record collection he lived them childhood, to the loving re-creations of the friends and family who influenced him. The result was the most charming film of Crowe's career.

MY WINNIPEG (2007)

WRITTEN BY Guy Maddin

Twenty years from Guy Maddin's inimitability of art, revealing the ominous, conundrum and contradictions that lie within, *My Winnipeg* goes a very faint, somewhere into the realm of psycho-geography; where the real and unreal, the imagined and the assumed, the impossible and the inevitable outside and within is a quantum void. Commissioned by the city of Manitoba to make a documentary about his hometown, instead Maddin embarked on a personal journey of revision and re-velation, inducting himself into the fabric of the city. What it does and what it does is irrelevant. Reality is at the mercy of the artist's memory in this focused vision of the past.



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you die. Something mighty and sublime, leaves
behind to conquer time.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

CHAPTER TWO

IN WHICH WE

INTRODUCE

OURSELVES

LWDise:
What is it you love about movies?

Francis Ford Coppola:
It is just the most diverse and complete art form that I know of - that uses everything; uses music, uses emotion, uses image, uses writing and structure. I often think that there's only been a hundred years of cinema and yet the amount of masterpieces that have been done are amazing. I can only conclude that the human race was waiting for the cinema so they could pour this out because how else could there have been so many great films even in the first 50 years? So it's sort of a divine collection of all of human aspiration and art forms. I often think, "What kind of movies would Goethe have made?" Because he was both scientist and poet and theatre person. Or other people in the past.

Eden Ehrenreich:
Wow. You know what, I really...Movies have been so much a part of the way I think and the people I know formulate values and a sense of the world and things like that. I think it also...Movies are a way of emphasising those aspects of real life or of imaginary life that don't necessarily get appreciated, and when you put a camera on something it's given a magical element of importance. I think that that's a beautiful way of reawakening audiences to the wonder of the world, whether that's a big fantasy movie or a small movie with a family. They're just a way to reinstate a magical sense of wonder in things, and that can be emotional wonderment, that can be sometimes overwhelming, that can go to a very dark place, that can go all over the board. I've never come out of a film that I've loved without some vague sense of reaffirmation in life. I think that no matter what the story is, if it's a good story and if it's an interesting great movie then life will be enhanced in some way, the way that you come out of it and look at things.



Honest, passionate and unafraid



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CREATIVE BRIEF

PHOTOGRAPHIC SELF-PORTAIT

For our fourth Creative Brief, LWMJ.com turns to the photographic community. The challenge is to take a black-and-white self-portrait that not only echoes the visual aesthetic of *Tetra* as represented in this issue, but plays with the film's themes of memory, history and self-perception.

We want the image-makers to step out from behind the camera and show us who they think they are. Create a photographic self-portrait in black-and-white, use image-and perspective to tell us the story of yourself!

As with our previous Creative Brief, the best entries will be featured in a special digital edition of LWMJ.com, released on Friday May 26. We'll also be staging an exhibition of the best entries in East London. More details will be released in May.

We've already received some impressive entries (including the fascinating portrait of Dragana Juricic, pictured right) but there's plenty of time to get your work to us.



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CHAPTER THREE
IN WHICH WE
DISCUSS
THEMES OF
UNCOMMON
INTEREST
INSPIRED BY
OUR FEATURE
FILM

THE artists' CINEMA

Vincent Gallo, Francis Ford Coppola,
Walter Murch and Alain Resnais
put cinema back in the hands of
the mavericks...

RAGING BULL

Friend and confidant David Michael goes one-on-one with Vincent Gallo, the movie industry's unfalterable bête noire.

Words by David Michael
Illustrations by Stephen Hazel





So do you measure a man like Vincent Gallo? He told me one time that when he's picking an acting role, the choice is centred around a simple equation: how much money for how few days?

Ever since our first meeting at the Cannes Film Festival in 2003, he's always addressed his acting or music video appearances in this fashion. Take his outstanding drag queen performance in 1999's *Freeway* (his Confession of a Trichobit), for which he received \$300,000 for three days to fiddle the production of a sequence for *Double 10*, having worked on the film for 16 months without pay. In his inimitable style, he goes on to describe the film as a "piece of shit" and its director as "an idiot".

A chance meeting with Gallo in the Carlton Hotel at last year's Cannes, where *Zero* made its bow, was the first time I'd seen him since bumping into him in the unlikely setting of Penfins's Counter Seasids holiday park, where

he had the honour of hosting 2004's Al Tirmizy's Parties. On top of performing live with Seven Letters, Gallo was also presenting the UK premiere of his minimalist, lonely-hearts road movie *The Brown Bunny*.

Gallo's Cannes experience for *Zero* was an altogether more amicable and sober affair compared to *The Brown Bunny*'s debut in 2000. There's no doubt that his reluctance to do press for *Zero* was a direct protest at the treatment of that earlier film, when, as he says, he was "hurt and f***ed" after screening an unedited version.

He tells me that Coppola had requested that he do interviews with three French journalists as a personal favour. Checking them out, Gallo saw the previous vilification he'd suffered at their hands, prompting him to send Coppola a message asking him to Google the journalists and his name, and then consider if he should speak to them. Coppola saw his point.



Fast-forward a few months to the Venice Film Festival and the PR team organising the rare event of a Vincent Gallo interview have impaled themselves on his defences. Flatfooted and concerned from after the Venetian villa, they're the best and most professional in the business, as strange to find them rattled. What's he been up to?

Gallo is in town for *Metro*, an enigmatic Orwellian tale set in the near future. He provides the voice of Roger, who navigates his way through a decimating Europe where surveillance is everywhere and all the continent's underground train systems have been connected into a single gigantic subway.

Gallo has been playing mind games with his handlers. Apparently, they've been instructed not to say the words 'but', 'however' and 'lest'. Reading between the lines, the words hold negative connotations. And he wants to see the journalists before half agree to be interviewed by them, to determine whether they are conscious or unconscious of his work.

But once he gets started, no one can stop a Gallo interview in full flow. Twenty-minute sessions are doubled, tripled, even quadrupled. It's causing issues with the scheduling but you won't find anyone else complaining. Because once you're in Gallo's confidence, there's no better interviewee in the business.





SWLies: Formally, the two questions you ask when approached about an acting role are 'How much?' and 'How many days?' Mickey Rourke recently recounted the tale of you calling him up to do his small role in *Buffalo '66*, and when he told you about his tax issues at the time, you offered him a brown paper bag with \$100,000 in it. Sounds like he used your hunches.

Galler: Yeah, and I respected it. I treated him like a man. Also, I gave him a little extra, and I said, 'Here's a little extra, I want you to enjoy yourself while you're here in Buffalo.' What did he say?

SWLies: He cited *Buffalo '66*, along with Coppola's *Rumble Fish*, as small but important roles that helped him get back on the right track.

Galler: Oh really? That's interesting – if I could have chosen to be in any of Francis' previous movies it would probably be *Rumble Fish*, *Mickey* in his best moments, *Eric Roberts* in his best moments, *Gary Oldman* in his best moments: these are our greatest guys of all time.

SWLies: Has anybody ever given you a little extra?

Galler: No. People have just cheated me.

SWLies: After *Titan* you made *Mystique* with Tim Burton. That seems an unexpected choice for you. Was it outside the normal process of accepting roles?

Galler: No, I negotiated the money and I negotiated the days down to the minutes. He came to terms with me. I followed up. Not that I was going to walk through it, but I was unprepared. But he was so fucking nice.

SWLies: You felt guilty, didn't you?

Galler: I felt guilty. For about 40 hours total of dubbing, I gave everything that I had. I'm a crooked kid. I knew how to get the inton and find the voice. I discovered it after experimenting for about three hours. We found the character and then we went through the pages and I got familiar with what was going on.

SWLies: So there was no grade?

Galler: None. There was no imagery at the time. I had no idea that my character was going to look like *Gaspar Noé*. If I had known that I would have fought against it.

SWLies: You would've asked for more money – double maybe?

Galler: Exactly. I love *Gaspar* as a person, but I certainly don't want to look like him.

SWLies: You've always said that you don't relate to him as a filmmaker.

Galler: The reason that I don't relate to him and a lot of other filmmakers of my generation is because of exactly that: I would never begin with an idea of something I saw in a movie and then build the whole film around that. I would let the film itself decide those things – for example my *The Promised World in Music*.

SWLies: What about being influenced by other time indirectly through your subconscious?

Galler: Subconsciously you're influenced by the universe – it's not just the Western world of the twenty-first century or what you see on the television. I have movies, but the movies I have are as far away from the movies I make. What I don't understand about Quentin [Tarantino], Wes [Anderson], Spike [Jones], whenever they are, is they have this reaction to life and film history, and imagine themselves in film history. Even Harmony [Koree]. Harmony's such a funny and interesting person, he should just be himself, because who he really is is fascinating.

SWLies: They put themselves in context.

Galler: Yes, that's what they're all doing, they're placing themselves knowingly in context. *Gaspar Noé*, you know what he said to me in *Connie* [in 2003]? I don't know if you know why I made *Brown Bunny*? It has nothing to do with being a provocateur. ►





**"PEOPLE
WILL
BREATHE
A SIGH
OF RELIEF
WHEN I'M
DEAD."**

Vincent Gallo



LWLMes: He thought that *Brown Bunny* was more provocative than *Unversible*, when we spoke recently.

Gallo: He's out of his mind, because he's so stuck in his fucking past self in the context of cinema. He actually came up to me in the screening, sitting next to me and saying things like, 'He-he-he, look, they based this the same way, like and you – this is great.' As if that was my intention or that I would enjoy that. I'm not a marginal person. I'm making, in a sense, classical films.

LWLMes: When you've lambasted people in the press over the years, it's humorous but there's a layer of harshness to it too. Where do you think you inherited that?

Gallo: I got that from Buffalo, from roaming on the streets and fighting for every piece of bread, or piece of honour I had. Protecting myself from being beaten up, mugged and having my father held ashamed of me. You know, it's not my best quality, that stuff is not my best stuff. However, I'll say things to the press that are pointed, or let's say cutting, and there's a lot of logic and severity behind those things – real humour and concepts. The truth is, I can't go in a hospital, I can't see anyone suffer. I don't like to see anyone punished. In the conceptual world, I can. I can say we should eliminate anyone caught drunk driving – they should be killed. Meanwhile, I can't crash a fly.

LWLMes: Do you understand the appeal of provocation in art?

Gallo: I understand the impulse. That's how I began in performance. I began by crying in restaurants windows and upsetting the people acting there, that's how I got my first acting job. But I'm not a marginal person. *Brown Bunny* is a musical, a classic Hollywood musical. *Brown Bunny* is no more arty than a *Barney Bubbles* film. When I'm on an acceptance, what do you think I watch? I will sit and watch three *Barney Bubbles* films happily and I'll cry from beginning to end. And in *Brown Bunny* on some level, it's that same voice and connection. Maybe I think a little broader, but as a filmmaker, I'll buy into these stories that we've brought up on in life.

LWLMes: What fuels your visual sensibility if you dismiss the idea that you're influenced by film?

Gallo: My visual sensibility goes back to very early in my life. I've had a very defined aesthetic point of view, always. The way that my bedroom was arranged at five-years-old is exactly like the motel scenes in *Brown Bunny*. I consciously have a visual sensibility that relates to an aesthetic that's separate from cinema. If you studied my paintings or photographs from way before there was videotape, you'd see I'm not a person who's influenced by another filmmaker and then makes a film. I'm a person who's influenced by aesthetics that I learned from things that don't relate to film, and put them in film.

LWLMes: Are you interested in purity?

Gallo: I'm interested sometimes in the concept of life without people. The

impression has to do with the non-impact of humans on geography. The most beautiful thing to me in the world is a geography that's sustainable to humans. Somewhere that has an aesthetic that is very attractive to me. Once I drove across country with my girlfriend and I said, 'I want to show you where we're going to build our house. We're going to build a very simple house on this beach called Bombay Beach in Salton Sea.' So we drove up there and there's houses from the '40s and '50s underneath sand – ruined and decaying. No one around, just filth, pollution and birds eating dead fish. And I said, 'Isn't this beautiful?'

LWLMes: Your music tends to be symbiotic to your film work. Your album was going to be the soundtrack to *Brown Bunny*, but then ended up a bit like David Bowie's *Station to Station* or *Nicolas Roeg's The Man Who Fell To Earth* – the soundtrack that never was.

Gallo: Absolutely. Only David Bowie didn't write the film and direct the film and photograph the film and edit the film and star in the film, alone and cast the film and produce the film – he just got to be David. I felt that it would have then been redundant to put the music of *White in The Brown Bunny*. I mean, I photographed it, I never recorded it, it would have been sort of... I've already been heavily criticised as a narcissist, so I guess there was some sort of self-consciousness.

LWLMes: In terms of your friends you've had the mixture of having a few plain swigs, how has that put your own life into context?

Gallo: When I had my fortieth birthday, I knew I was confronting death everyday now. I've lost 10 of my closest friends, and it seems it gets harder and harder to make new friends. I almost live my life for the past 10 years now – as if I'm dead, and I get a chance to come back and just do things that need to be done. Not come back and fulfill the dreams that I never got to when I was alive. No. God said, 'Okay, you can live ya'nt memory list, you can finish pictures, the guitar collection [Gallo rates his in the top 20 in the world], you can finish that other film you didn't make, and then yes, we've got to go back to hell or heaven.' You know, whatever one they got for me. That's how basically I live my life. With this opportunity, it's almost as if I haven't been given quite enough time to do these things, so I've had to double-time. The sense of urgency is inescapable and sometimes counterproductive because it'll do just yet! yet! yet! people for not doing things right. No one likes me, no one is ever going to like me, and people will take a sigh of relief when I'm dead. That's what I feel like.

LWLMes: You shouldn't say that.

Gallo: But I feel that way.

LWLMes: But who would replace you?

Gallo: That's why it would be a sigh of relief. In my will, I was going to have a billboard on Sunset Boulevard for a year that showed a picture of me dead – however I died – saying, 'Breathe a sigh of relief, Vincent Gallo is dead.' I wished somebody loved me, you know? ☺

BEATNIKS AND BACHELOR GIRLS

The BFI Flipside brings you the darker side of Swinging London



The BFI is proud to present the world premiere of this hugely controversial, previously banned masterpiece in an uncensored post-release cut, featuring music by John Barry and starring Oliver Reed.



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days OF HEAVEN

With Francis Ford Coppola's production company American Zoetrope back on top, EW.com considers a world where artists reject the studios and drive moviemaking themselves.

Words by Kingsley Marshall



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anks aren't lending, buyers aren't buying, and Wall Street picked up and left our party long ago," observes film finance consultant Jeff Steele. But the withdrawal of Wall Street money from Hollywood following the credit crunch has seen a positive outcome, a side of what the trades are describing as "boutique" or "angel" investors. Often wealthy individuals, they are serving more as old-fashioned patrons to the arts than the red-braced financiers of the '80s, who, as Steele archly notes, "showed only for 'sale and unscrewing' of financial files."

The result, as demonstrated by the year's awards slate, has been artists reclaiming filmmaking from the studios and a resurgence of genuinely interesting ideas beyond the fail-telling conservatism of Juno and other so-called "indievised" pictures.

This is far from a new phenomenon. Even before the dawning of the studio era, action and drama had attempted to escape the clutches of established producers and distributors. United Artists was founded in 1919 by heavy hitters of the period Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and DW Griffith in an effort to exert control over their careers. The formation of the company reportedly prompted Richard A Rowland, then part-head of Metro Pictures with Louis B Mayer, to comment that the lunatics were taking over the asylum.

Ultimately, Rowland's cynicism of the artists' ability to manage their affairs was to be proven right. UA thrived in and out of profitability until it eventually collapsed under the weight of Warren's Glee in 1993. Director Michael Cimino's obscene shooting ratio implied the budget and sank the studio, winding it into the hands of MCA. So while we may celebrate the creative managers organising their own artists' paradise, we must also wonder whether such a system was ever work.

You may not have heard of Sarah Siegel-Magnus and her husband Gary Magnus, but without them *Precious* may never have

been made. After the major studios rejected the story and Lee Daniels, himself a producer of *Monster's Ball* and *The Woodlawn*, had struggled to raise the production capital elsewhere, the couple provided the entire \$12 million budget in spite of having received advice to the contrary.

As Siegel-Magnus revealed later, a number of consultants had considered them "crazy for financing an African-American movie about meat." But the pair had worked with Daniels on *Tennessee* in 2008, and were so taken with him that they agreed to produce his follow-up despite that film tanking at the box office. "We never just wanted to write a cheque. That was our shot at being part of the film industry," she stated.

"Part of the success or failure of *Precious* lay with Lee's franchise having left him to it, which is very rare in a world where films are made by committees," explains editor Joe Klotz whose credits include well-received indie features *Janie's Law* and *Choke* alongside Daniels' film. "Lee announced his own vision, making the film the way he wanted to make it. When you work on independent films there's a lot of creativity in the ideas and what people are trying to say. That kind of work is more interesting and challenging for both the film crew and, ultimately, the audience."



As United Artists had battled with the studios during Hollywood's so-called Golden Age, so the 1960s unveiled another new paradigm in American cinema. The New Hollywood offered a space where filmmakers again managed to wrestle control from the big studios, and again changed the direction of the movie industry. The result was some spectacular movies, and some huge flops, but moviegoing would never be the same again.

Catalyst to this period was the formation of American Zoetrope, a studio that counts *Apocalypse Now*, *Sleepy Hollow* and *East* in *Translations* amongst its catalogues. It was originally founded by Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas in order to escape the LA studio system.

"The idea of the studio was decentralized for us, as we were the first generation to have grown up with television," recalls Walter Murch, one of a dozen people who – together with Coppola and Lucas – made the trip up the coast to San Francisco in order to establish the studio. "Film didn't only exist in the almost chaste space of the picture palace; we were used to seeing film at home and the idea of trying to get into movies wasn't quite as daunting for us as it might have been for the previous generation."

"As a teenager I hadn't been crazy about motion pictures, and had seen a similar number to anyone else who had grown up in the 1950s,

HOLLYWOOD FILMS WERE MADE BY COMMITTEE, THEY WERE ALMOST INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS.

Even then, I was dimly aware of Hollywood time that were made by committee, about industrial products. This was countered by the surge in world-cinema such as it was shown in New York at the time. Those films – from France, Italy, Sweden, Japan and India – left me dazed and speechless. What I felt was the impact of a personality – they had a personal impact that I just didn't feel in Hollywood films."

The galvanising effect of world cinema drove Munch to California and the festive environment of the USC School of Cinematic Arts. The cohort who graduated with Munch made films like *A Who's Who*, including Lucas' *Back To The Future* producer Bob Gale and director Robert Zemeckis, *Alien* writer Dan O'Bannon, John Alvin, who went on to write *Apocalypse Now* for Coppola, and Caleb Deschanel, who served as DP on *The Right Stuff*.

Him school provided the catalyst for a more European mindset, and created an environment that almost operated on the antithesis of the Hollywood system, as Munch explains. "We were all doing multi-disciplinary work in as many aspects of the craft as we could and, as a group, wanted retaining the maverickery that had gripped us in world cinema to the film we made as Americans; to personify our films, the subject matter and the method of making them."

Technology also played a role. "In the previous decade, all of the equipment used in the film industry had been purpose-built by the studios themselves. As it had to adhere to very strict technical requirements, the market was very small, and therefore extremely capital intensive. The effect of electronics was like an engine acting on technology. Having reduced the cost of film equipment so much that it became affordable for small studios and auteurs like us who had just graduated. If anything, that is wildly more perverse today than it was back then. The fact that you can buy a Canon 5D camera, which costs something like \$1600, as a high definition motion picture camera, and shoot that stuff with footage shot on film, is something that would have been hard for us back in the 1980s to think about."

Somewhat ironically, the money that drove American Zemeckis came from a major studio. Warner Bros had provided the start up costs as part of a development deal, money they immediately demanded back when the studio's first picture, Lucas' experimental *1801* (sic-f 74X 1128), was screened. History repeated itself: like United Artists, Coppola's company filed for bankruptcy and was ultimately rescued by studio cash, this time from Paramount, and the notorious arrival of *The Godfather*.

But Zemeckis stood up the industry, even as those involved found themselves co-opted by the system. And as an unwillingly committee maverick still today, no renegade artists and producers are once again beginning to seize control. Producer Nicolas Chartier need enough of

RENEGADE ARTISTS AND PRODUCERS ARE ONCE AGAIN BEGINNING TO SEIZE CONTROL.

The *Hurt Locker*'s eventual budget of \$13 million in pre-sales to successfully apply for production loans, but found himself rejected by every one of the major banks, and reportedly mortgaged his house to put Kathryn Bigelow's film, his first theatrical release, into production.

Jean Lee, an associate producer on the film, recalls that part of the problem was the mutual Cold War movies released to lacklustre box office, and the lack of star quality attached to the film – critical to Bigelow's desire to mitigate an uncertainty in the audience as to the safety of its bomb in the. As such, as Lee explains, Chartier sold the film as "an action thriller, based on Kathryn Bigelow's history of *Point Break*," in order to find funding.

"The independent financing was absolutely critical," explorat@bigelow.com. "To be honest, all of my productions have been technically independent, though this one gave me the most autonomy that I've experienced and I don't think we could have made it under any other circumstances. It can't imagine a studio sanctioning the production, but that gave us complete control and the opportunity to cast emerging break-out talent – like Jeremy Renner – in lead roles."

"No producers or executives interfered in this film, even as the film was picked up by a major studio. Burnet Entertainment after we had finished it," adds the film's editor Chris Iannone. "Nicolas [Chartier] and Tony [Muck] saw it was a tight, well-told film, and had the good taste and respect to let us do our jobs and to leave us virtually alone. That would be almost unheard of in a studio setting where everybody from baby executives to their executives would have their notes entertained, if not entirely lanced down the throats of the director and editor. A screenwriter would not be allowed into that setting either, as they would be considered just another voice that the executives wouldn't want to collaborate with."



"I was assured that *The Hurt Locker* and *Practical Magic* were getting so much acclaim," says Iain Morris, "as they are challenging films that don't please all of the Hollywood studios. There was nothing more exciting for me, having worked on so many independent films that have struggled to find an audience, than to go to the opening night of the film in Manhattan. People were fighting for seats and the theatre had put in office chairs and overpriced popcorn buckets all the way up a 100-foot aisle in order to accommodate them."

There's plenty of life in the cinema yet. Despite the runaway nature of the auteur/producer – the cost overruns, creative demands and bloated shooting ratios that have marked their tenure – long may the mavericks continue to rule the银幕! ☀

THE



ODFATHER

Francis Ford Coppola surveys his empire.

Words by Matt Bernson
Photography by Sean Costello





Without Francis Ford Coppola there is no cinema. From a home's head to an offer you can't refuse, from the art of rapists in the morning to Harry Cohn's paranoid implacability, Coppola has created some of the defining images of American film.

He is history, tragedy and immortality. But he's also, at 71 years old, a grandfather embarking on the third act of a remarkable career, able to look back at his life with a new perspective and attempt to come to terms with what, if anything, it might mean.

"I know it's hard to believe this, but most of my films, when they first come out were not received well," he says. "I never had success when I was younger. With the exception of *The Godfather* making a lot of money, I was never the golden boy of the movie business in my time. Later on, somehow as a pique-artist, things I was extremely avaricious about turned out to be." His voice trails off as the words fail. "And that's the same thing now. Nothing has changed."

Seated in the corner of a Philadelphian bistro, Coppola is an unlikely symbol of the hubris and giddiness of a generation. In a smart suit and tie he looks every inch the businessman he was forced to become when the creative spark of the 1970s was dulled by the debt-burdened darkness of the '80s and '90s.

Back then, everything changed for Coppola. His work in the 1970s made him a legend, but by the time he finished *Apocalypse Now* in '78, he had experienced his own personal "Nora, the possibilities of youth extinguished in the madness of a Philippine jungle."

It's here that his story entered a long and painful second act. "When I made *Apocalypse* nobody would let me do it and I had to ultimately finance the movie myself," he recalls. Having invested everything on his long-glossed epic and the disastrous *One From the Heart*, for 20 years Coppola's creative muse was shackled by debt. At 40 he was bankrupt, and the arch material became a burden for him, forced to accept studio packages.

"I was in a tough spot," he admits. "I had a huge loan — almost a science-fiction kind of a loan. It was like losing a house. I had to come up with a payment every October for \$3 million because the money that was our home was being held by the bank." The result was a protracted low point in Coppola's career, when the director of four Oscar-winning classics of American cinema shunned out the likes of *Peggy Sue Got Married*, *Dracula*, *The Godfather* and *Jack*.

Of all the sins to be laid at the door of the banking industry, turning one of America's finest directors into a whorem in the most perverse. "I would always try to find something to love because I don't think you can make a film if you don't love it," says Coppola. "You from age 40 to 60, I basically blew that decade." He steadily withdrew from the film business, focusing on his winery, his restaurants and resorts — working his way out of debt while cinema lost two decades of potential greatness.



The success of Coppola's reinvention as a wine merchant can be felt today, and not just because he loves adoring the walls of the bottle just a short walk from his daughter Sofia's apartment. It's the success of that business that has allowed him to return to filmaking on his own terms self-financed, self-distributed and with a commitment to inking the kind of small-scale, personal films that first inspired him all those years ago.

That he's returned at all is testament to his self-confidence, which survived the critical slings and arrows he suffered during his years in the wilderness. Indeed, "I was always working under doubt," he claims. "*The Godfather* and *The Conversation* were made under total doubt — I never thought that I had more abilities on those films than I had later. In fact, later I feel that I had more confidence and more understanding of what I was doing than I did before. I never worried about having lost it but I always worried about having had it."

Tutto is the proof that Coppola has it. If it doesn't compare with the iconic films of his past in terms of scale and art bloom, it's undeniably the work of the same artist. Like *The Godfather*, *Tutto* explores the timeless themes of family, rivalry and jealousy, but here Coppola is more invested in the material — less epic but more intense and headfirst for it. ►

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I WAS IN A TOUGH SPOT. I HAD A HUGE LOAN. IT WAS LIKE BEING A HOOKER... FROM AGE 40 TO 50, I BLEW THAT DECADE.

The story of two brothers whose lives are affected by the disillusioning genius of their composer father; it is inspired in part by his own experiences growing up in an artistic family, and by becoming that figure to his own children, Sofia and Roman, who both went on to become filmmakers.

Coppola, however, has an expansive view of his relationship with the material: "When you write something personal you tend to be all the phenomena in it." But it has clearly made him reflect on his relationship with his own kids. "To me, a good parent enlivens their kids even though that means they're going to walk away some day. Those parents that send their kids around, maybe aren't good parents because they haven't given their kids the means to be independent. My kids don't need me, you know?"

But that hasn't always been the case. When they were growing up, Coppola kept his kids close, taking them out of school whenever he went away to shoot. "What happened is that they got this wonderful training and contact with the movies, like circus kids, and just knew how to do it," he remembers. And when the time came for them to make their own movies, he was anything but the distant, disapproving force with which Vincent Gallo's film *Insetta* must contend. "It was very encouraging to my kids and when I expected talent I would go to whatever extremes to help them get the financing or get the distribution. I never had an egoistic thing like in *Rain*," he says. And besides, Sofia and Roman's careers flourished at a time when their father's was stagnating. If anything, says Coppola, "I'm the child. My kids didn't grow up working under my shadow, but I was."



Coppola's affinity with the work of his children is reminiscent of the conversations he shared with the other Movie Brats of the '70s — Lucas, Scorsese, Friedkin, Rodriguez and Schneider — who consistently inspired one another to reach greater heights. He sees something of the same spirit in filmmakers today. "When you think of Guillermo del Toro and [Alfonso] Cuarón and that, they're competing but they're friends, and that was the core for us. That form of friendship and collaboration and competitiveness is a wonderful ingredient in any art movement," he continues, "whether it's political or artistic or they form an idea — like *La La Land* or *Tier* — Dogme and what have you — those are wonderful youthful expressions."

Of course, the youthful expression of the Movie Brats didn't last forever. Some burned out, some faded away, others were midtracked by success and found themselves absorbed into the mainstream they had run out to subvert. "When we were young we'd talked about having a big success, even doing a commercial film and having it make a lot of money so then we'd have the money to go and do the personal film," admits Coppola. But today he's the only one who still seems committed to that vision.

It's something that clearly frustrates him, especially in the case of his close friend George Lucas. "George in particular, it's little known what

a terrible experimental filmmaker he is," says Coppola. "If he went off and made this \$4 million movie everyone would be shocked because they now downgrade him as someone who makes huge films. And being that he's a little bit like a younger brother to me I always say, 'George, you got plenty of money. Go make these little experimental films.' And he always says he will but the truth of the matter is I don't know what happens that makes him not to return to what you said you wanted to do when you were young. I don't understand it in his case because he is so talented and he could do it."

As for Scorsese, who regressed even further into the world of the studio-funded blockbuster: "I think he's really close to it and the record something times in the sky that given him the chance to make one of the personal films that he is full of and in good at and everyone wants him to do, he will."

You can't help but wonder if Coppola feels a sense of regret over how it turned out for himself and his contemporaries. Success may have given them unbridled success, but it also became a gilded cage — something that happened while they were busy making other, better films. But he argues that his only disappointment is with the business itself; that it isn't better for young filmmakers now than it was for them.

"It was tough for us," he says. "There was one saying, 'Make these kinds of films.' We were just trying to be entrepreneurial. But as bad as it was then, it's worse now and that makes me sad because you think that the success we all had and the money it generated for the system and our influence would have changed it for the people who are in there now. But I garnish for every generation it has to be a struggle," he adds. "And I know, maybe this new generation doesn't need it. They're full of talent; they love the cinema."

Coppola is beginning to get restless. There's a whole day stretching out ahead of him and there are things to do. These days, like Tito, he's focussed on unloading the stories that have been stacked up inside for too long. He tries to write every day, discovering the process all over again, and learning to be patient in his old age.

"We're very impatient with ourselves as artists," he says. "We're very quick to say that something we're doing is bad or terrible but the truth is that you've got to work with a tolerance for time and to let what you're really doing bubble to the top. It's like writing. If you took some drugs and you worked it and ate it you'd say, 'That's terrible.' It has to take and then what's good about it comes to the top. That's true about writing and filmmaking too."

For Coppola, the most effective approach is opening up an exciting final chapter in his career. But perhaps unsurprisingly for a director who has experienced such staggering highs and disastrous lows, he remains perplexed by the nature of his achievements. "Achievement is such a weird thing," he says. "For me, achievement, 'Here I made films that people will look at in 50 years?' That's the real achievement. Have I made films that help me understand life?"

Coppola is one of the few directors who can rest assured that he has done both those things and more.



THE LAST PICTURE SHOW

Written by Matt Berninger
Photographs courtesy of Sean Kurts

In the mid 1990s, Argentina was shaken by a financial crisis that would recur and reverberate throughout the decade. Artist Seba Kurts remembers it keenly. "We lost everything," he recalls. "We got repossessed – they took the furniture. They took everything. We ended up on the street."

Only one possession remained: a shoebox containing a handful of family photographs, fading memories of happier times. But as the economic crisis深ened at the turn of the century, Kurts took the decision to leave Buenos Aires, fleeing to Spain where, after working on a construction site, he eventually brought his family to join him. The shoebox was forgotten.

Years passed in which Kurts found the space and freedom to become an artist. His photographs examined the past and the future, exploring the tension between memory and expectation. In 2007, after almost a decade away from the country, he returned to Argentina with his parents and they rediscovered the shoebox, safe in the hands of extended family.

The pictures it contained were now damaged by age and exposure to water, but looking at them with an adult's perspective, Kurts realized that the photographs had come to symbolize "the story of Latin America – how we constantly live in cities with ups and downs, how you can lose everything from one day to another."

In this "encounter with the images that are my memories", Kurts saw fragments of a lost and uncertain reality coalesced into something both fragile and precious. The photographs speak of the artist's forgotten past and revised narrative, of self-image and family history. Of the precarious meeting between memory and the mind's eye.





"It's like I'm carrying all my past in a different kind of present. I didn't want to leave my country or my family, so to make this cultural and emotional change came with a lot of new feelings and expectations - a lot of new hope."



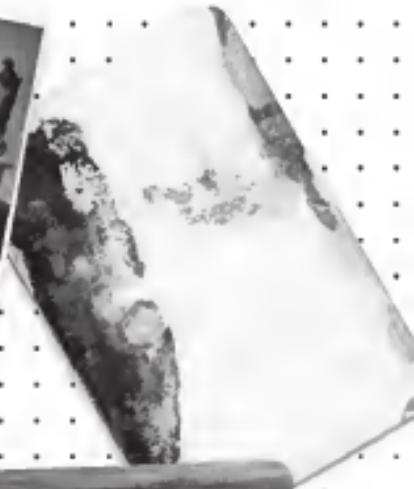
"Some of my memories of what I see in the pictures, with all the damage that the water did, I see my memory like that - with that damage in the image. And the damage adds a melancholy that maybe wasn't there in my memory. But now, because of that damage, that rain, I look at it a little bit sad sometimes."





“Once I felt the freedom to start with photography,
I began to represent all my experiences in the past
and try to make it into a better future. I don’t want
to be a victim about my life. I want to look forward.”

• "What I'd try to pass to my kids now is something beautiful about the friendship and the family values that we had there. I don't want that to end with me. I want it to pass to my children."



A

As a boy, Francis Ford Coppola didn't picture himself as a filmmaker. From an early age, the theatre was the playground for his mind and he would nurture his embryonic passion during extended spells bedridden with polio. Having the skills as a playwright throughout the course of his education, Coppola fell into moviemaking after observing the directorial process from the critics of countless college productions.

The rest is a history all too exhaustively fumigated, but despite the cloying path his career would take, Coppola's theatrical experiences stuck with him, evolving into a larger ambition that would lay the groundwork for his later endeavour.

Time makes a laggy personal return to storytelling for Coppola (including a scene in which Vincent Gallo's playwright watches

a theatre production from the sides while working the lights), but it is also the recognition and natural extension of a foreshadowed cinematic ideology.



Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger famously envisioned cinema as an absolute work of art, a visual fusion of cinema, dance and language, both spoken and written. In particular, Powell called for a 'composed cinema' that structured the interplay between the director, actors, location, set design, music-on-screes and story as a demonstration of the synchrony of art. Powell and Pressburger realized what would later be termed 'total cinema' ►

From Powell and Pressburger to Antonin Artaud and Francis Ford Coppola: tracing the confluence of 'total cinema'.

Words by Adam Whitewurst Illustration by Sylvain Dugay

EVERYTHING IS cinema



Cahiers du Cinéma editor André Bazin touched upon the notion of total cinema in his posthumously published four-volume essay *What Is Cinema?*, in which he suggested that the medium's primary function was to represent reality in a pure and undistorted form. He claimed that "what is" was the inherent service for which cinema and further underlined the inherent limitations of the pure-cinema arts. Bazin rejected the early modern work of Powell and Pressburger, suggesting that the technological advances that had pushed cinema towards cultural dominance in the latter half of the twentieth century were superfluous to the basic desire of filmmaking artists to show the world in its truest light.

Forty years after Bazin's seminal theoretical study, cinema is supposedly on the precipice of a new age, with critics and academics alike heralding the 3D revolution. Although *Tetro* is not a direct sequel to the presence of multi-sensor spectre cinema, it is a resounding call to arms to the total cinema that Bazin begrudgingly dismissed as a myth.



Contrary to Bazin's rejection of technology, Powell and Pressburger utilized new cinematic techniques (specifically camera and sound enhancements) that far surpassed those accessible to theatre producers of the time. Consequently, the cinema director pair were able to blur the marginal distinction reality with what would become a distinguishing element of design, conducting visual cinematic battles that would immortalize the medium.

In transporting their audience from the onscreen theatre stage through the Technicolored labyrinth of Victoria Page's inadvertence in *The Red Shoes*, Powell and Pressburger allowed their imaginations to run riot. The 17-minute sequence set a precedent that would不出来 three years later in their reimagining of the Jacques Offenbach opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and again in 1945, in Powell's short *The Dovzhenko Apocrypha*, which took on a multi-screening 20-minute solo ballet by Bulgarian ballerina Sveti Apava.

Putting aside the aesthetic idiosyncrasies of their films, Powell and Pressburger took the process of total cinema very seriously. Powell's 'art is one' motto was rooted in his insatiable pursuit of perfection. In striving to achieve authenticity in an emotional sense, Powell sought inspiration beyond cinema, drawing influence from cultural architects who were well regarded within their respective arts – indeed, Powell had planned to develop Béla Bartók's one-act ballet *The Miraculous Mandarin* with the alystic ornamentation of Picasso, Shremsky and Mahler.

To ensure the highest degree of artistic integrity, it was imperative to Powell and Pressburger that they cast dancers who could act rather than actors who could dance. While Moira Shearer, a dancer with no prior acting experience, led the cast in *The Red Shoes* and *The Tales of Hoffmann*, in Coppola's more professional Argentinean dances in *Tetro* he play out his film's operatic dimension. Accordingly, this no-auditor sequence – shot on blue-screens in emphatic contrast to Mihai Mălăcineanu's black and white cinematography – is the upshot of a collaborative effort between Coppola and a wide range of professionals, all unemployed for their artistic grievances.

Much like Powell left the artistic design of *The Red Shoes* in the hands of a partner, so Coppola entrusted the performance of

Of course, visual style is just one facet of total cinema. As the fruits of Brechtian's visualisation open, the film's belief is driven by the gift of another Argentine, musical director Osvaldo Golijov, who previously composed the score for Coppola's *Death Without Beauty*. In *Tetro*, the music must be associated with the whole theme of the film," suggests Golijov. "So while most of the film's music comes from a physical place, from the pernicious streets of La Boca, Tetro's neighbourhood, in the ballet it is more metaphorical. It requires a very different rhythm and that is where you start to see more European influences."

While *Tetro* comes with a jazz born-on-the-streets-of-La-Boca, Golijov has taken great care to source influences from further afield. Resultantly, the score is distinctly unforgivable. Classical music is interlaced with the melodic and rhythmic of the Buenos Aires countryside to create a classical, orchestral score that is as once traditional and modern in its arrangement.

As a coalition of non-film creatives, *Tetro* is Coppola at his most admiring from Hollywood. Its poetic themes are punctuated by the near-identical sources of Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers*, and Fellini's *Wings of Heaven*, while many of the film's key characters are directly inspired by real life literary figures – writers whose work was testament to genius, but whose personal lives were scarred by crippling reticence. The spirit of court poets of the twentieth century, of JD Salinger and Antonin Artaud, are reincarnated in the obsessions of Tetro and his narrative, estranged younger brother Benito.

Indeed, it was Artaud who aimed to create a kind of total art, which he would later refer to as the "Theatre of Cruelty". He believed that text had become synonymous and rejected the physicality of theatre in favour of a more spiritual engagement with its audience. In his book-cum-manifesto *The Theatre And Its Double*, Artaud condemned theatrical convention for numbing its audience. To Artaud, imagination was reality. His ideal theatre was ultimately experimental, expressive and, crucially, embodied in opacity to affect audiences.

If *Tetro* represents the concrete augmentation of Artaud's total theatre as a synthesis of art in its myriad forms, it does so at odds to Bazin's belief in realism as both the intent and point of cinema. In his desire to synthesise a diverse array of art forms, Coppola has realised total cinema as an organic, symbiotic process.

In the spirit of Powell and Pressburger, *Tetro* adheres to the fundamental antinomy of cinema and, in the film's climactic ballet sequence, on its ability to project realism through a landscape of illusions and dreams. Θ

TETRO IS A CALL TO ARMS TO THE TOTAL CINEMA THAT BAZIN DISMISSED AS A MYTH.

(WINNER) (WINNER) (WINNER) (WINNER) (LONDON) (TORONTO)

FESTIVAL DE CANNES
AWARD WINNER
FOR BEST FILM

★★★★★

"INCREDIBLY TENSE
AND SEARINGLY RELEVANT"
TIME

★★★★★

"SUPERB,
A FILM OF RARE
HAUNTING POWER"
LAWRENCE LYN MURRAY

"RAW, AGGRESSIVE,
SENSUAL AND SEDUCTIVE"
LAWRENCE LYN MURRAY

"QUIETLY DEVASTATING"
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BRITISH
INDEPENDENT
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WINNER







EASY RIDER

Cruising the rebel highway with American boy Nixon Emerich

Words by Matt Schwartz Illustrations by Fred Wellerberg



ON HIS BIG BREAK

"You see the video that me and my friend made, it was basically a joke for fun, it's not a short film or anything, it's literally us running around and crying and wiping on girl's clothes and wiping dirt and doing a bunch of silly stuff. When we showed it to our parents they just, you know, 'You really look cool, it's funny!'"

"Then three or four girls that I know a little bit from school called me, sort of giggling, and said something to the effect of 'Steven Spielberg was one of your fans' and I was like, 'Yeah, I'm a fan of Spielberg, I'm not that kind of person.' And then my mom just got a call at home from this neighborhood woman of五十多岁, who added us to come on for a screening and said there was a project that Steven was interested in me for. She sent me to a couple of auditions in September, and then we got an agent. But even in those circumstances, my family never wanted me to do child acting. We were all a little bit wary but because of how nice everybody was, we felt comfortable."

ON LIFE CHANGING

"The anomaly of the situation is through how has you to be fully absorbed and stay never be fully absorbed. It's not a little brighter than that. It's really what I demanded of my acting life in a way. When I was there or four, my family would show me all these weekends, and when there was a movie or a TV show, I would want to be a part of it. I mean, I know I wanted to be an actor but I didn't want to act professionally."

"But the fact that Steven Spielberg and Francis Ford Coppola — two of my favorite directors — to actually get to participate and be validated and just cut into the movie, you know? It's still a bit to absorb."

"I mean, I thought that if I could have the kind of access to those people that I didn't even know he was working again, I tell like, 'It would be so great if I could be in the '70s and work with someone like Francis Ford Coppola.' Then I actually get to work with them, it's just really unbelievable."

very actor ate the 10-year-old, but few have done it like 14-year-old Aden Ehrenreich. He has the kind of face that will pass into legend, and the story to match.

At 14 he shot a video for a Bai-Mosch, just him and a friend prancing around trying on dresses and eating dirt. This was in West Hollywood where most regular kids have a movie script under their arms — and what came out was straight out of one of them. The film made its way to Steven Spielberg, who saw something in the kid in the young lad, put him in for a meeting, changed his life.

That's a funny story, though was not three years of hard work, education and changes to the boy. There was a lot of hard work, though he graduated the school and audiences' attention abroad. Ehrenreich was the first that started his place at the table, though a star, but it was the first that started to begin in earnest. It was the dreams of a star, but it was the first that he's prepared to go.

With Tom's offer has come into adulthood, but only Ehrenreich can determine how far down the rabbit hole he's prepared to go.



ON HIS CAREER

"You have to stick to the kind of work that you genuinely want to do. Don't have a preoccupation with self-purification, with trying to create an image of yourself. You have to take a moment-by-moment - the same way in the way you're not of a pretty or something and you're preoccupied with: How can I get people to think that I look cool at this party? You probably preface what you say you're aicular guy if you just connect one-on-one with which person you talk to and be open and genuine."

"After one, it's the same thing with work. It'd do only the time that I feel like interacting to me and that I feel excited and that I feel passionate about, then I don't think I'll have to try to connect my image because you are what you do."

As long as you do work, that you're proud of."

**THE
NATIONS**



ON WORKING WITH COPPOLA

"The second you mind him he doesn't come into the room," says the great maestro. "He's like a zombie, but he's a zombie who's just completely connected with you and with his work."

"I'm not a fan of suggestion. My rule was, 'If you don't like it, don't do it.' I mean, that's our

IN WORKING WITH COPPOLA

...what other people is
determining. He has an ability to
communicate genuine life that I think is
a wonderful sense of humor, which is the basis
of his humor.
"I think we both had a certain consciousness and I definitely
think there was an art because we didn't have writers or anything
else from then on out because I and I got to see his consciousness and see
him changing over the whole time and I got to see his passion and
France questions.
"He was so dedicated to you -- if he felt that you were really present and
really committed to the work you were doing and with him in a sense like, 'If you're
with him, he would be -- I mean there was times when he was like, 'If you're
not happy with this scene I'll return to go home and we'll just keep going.' He
really would make sure that you felt that you get everything you asked for properly
out. There were scenes where he was just saying, 'Is there anything more I can
ask you to help make this better for you?'"

ON THE TEMPTATIONS OF FAME

**THE
TEMPTATIONS
FAME**

up around a lot of people who parents were excited in me use
it's a very nice nice because it's the way that Hollywood works because
there aren't so many because it's an old story - the country down the road on the
radio and I just think it's an old story - it's not appealing to me for my life
completely with the radio and all that stuff. I have a lot of nice friends and I'm in college
I don't do drugs and I have a lot of nice things that's
I know that's a little boring but the kind of thing that's
one is to be able to express myself in weird ways and explore different ways
I'm doing that. 



ONE FROM THE HEART



Jealousy, rivalry and disappointment define the filmmaking families where bile runs thicker than water.

Written by Tom Soper



dynasty is a playground populated by the rich and connected. In this battle royale, the balance of power tilts towards a few core individuals augmented by that most entrenched and resilient of beasts, the film dynasty.

Reiterations of familial power, exemplified by dynasties as legion in Hollywood, from successive generations of Coppolas to the Douglas, Fonda, Huston, Barrymores and Corradas-Orsas. Hollywood has the sprawling, vertically integrated Karpov and Chapre-Javor families. In England, oligarchs like the Redagues, Fierman and Booth cast their long shadow over the film industry.

But what if it's to be born into this *entrepot*? To have a cinematic legacy to protect and serve? Does the pressure that parents exert on their offspring increase to unbearable levels when it comes within the public eye? And, away from the West, what is it like to carry a family torch damped by the dozens of censures? Worst of all, what happens when one generation just gets jealous of the next?

MARLENE DIETRICH & MARIA RIVA GERMANY, AMERICA

Maria Riva's career spanned more than half a century and included over 100 productions. Her mother was Marlene Dietrich, the German-American actress who became one of the most iconic and controversial screen presences in the history of cinema. Riva was Dietrich's closest companion, confidante and eventual care, and fought through the courts to uphold her mother's reputation after her death. But it came at a price. "As a child," she once said, "I thought my name was Maria The-Daughter-Of."

Dietrich was mysterious and a different breed of star. But in 1964, only two years after her mother's death, Riva published a biography that drew previous embellishments out of the water. While telling just about a hatchet job, her account of the rise and fall of a iconic film star was a shockingly graphic exposé.

Riva depicted a woman as delusional as she was talented. Brilliant but unrigged, utterly self-absorbed and occasionally mad with jealousy and insecurity, Riva's Dietrich makes *Sunset Boulevard* look like *Nostalgia Hill*.

In one now infamous passage, Riva obliquely describes how, as an adolescent, she accepted the disturbing and forceful sexual advances of one of her mother's female lovers. Later in the book, Riva postulates whether she was purposefully placed in this situation, Dietrich hoping that her daughter's liaison would leave her impervious to any man's charms and, therefore, more willingly devoted to her mother. When Riva told her mother she was pregnant (Riva's son, J Michael), as now a legit-time production designer whose recent credits include *Spider-Man 3* and *Iron Man*, Dietrich responded with dinging irony: "Children bring you nothing but trouble." ►

TEMUR, GÉLA & GEORGE BABLUANI GEORGIA

In the early '90s, Temur Babluani, the celebrated Georgian director of 1981's *Shadra*, sent his two young sons Géla and George to France, away from the civil war that raged in their home country. Considered by the authorities as a 'royal' filmmaker, Temur had provided his boys with a masterclass in Soviet cinema with related trips to the theatres in Tbilisi. 'The same childhood memories often come back to me, faded images, like rays of light, which cut through the darkness. Those images are always vaguely present,' Géla has said of the influence it exerted.

Despite this, three of Temur's films, *The Kidnapping* (1999), *Flight of Sparrows* (1999) and 1992's *Caucasus* (in which he acted), were censored by the Tbilisi Cinematographic Studio, a Stalinist institution that produced strictly sympathetic social realist films from its practitioners.

He had solo films, 1999's *The Sun of the Steppe*, spent seven years in production and, on its release, won the Grand Prix at the Khnats/ Open Russian Film Festival and the Silver Bear at Berlin. A surreal, occasionally comic drama set in Tbilisi, it portrays an urban environment of regressive societal decay. Despite its success, the experience led Temur to claim he had quit directing. 'He must have felt something was wrong with cinema,' Géla commented.

Temur's re-emergence came in the shadow of Géla, who gained international fame after writing and directing his debut film *13 Flowers* in 2006. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance, and starring younger brother George in the leading role, it is shot in a eastern monochrome with luciferous editing that recalls the great Soviet movies. Just asking the innocence of an impoverished young boy with the masculine callousness of an older generation, *13 Flowers* is a wryly, wistfully violent disavowal of the violent excesses of capitalism, where anything is possible if you pay enough.

The father-son relationship led to the dual authorship of *The Legacy* in 2007. As suggested by the title, this seemed to be the opportunity for both father and his son to confront their mentor's pernicious past, or maybe to reveal how misunderstood it is. Again set in Tbilisi before venturing to the Georgian island, the film follows three French youths who become caught up in an ancient blood feud between real families. It seems, in a wistfully gloomaking world, that the Babluani's own brand of cinema specialises in the clash of inter-generational and familial values.

PYOTR & VALERIY TODOROV- SKIY RUSSIA

Valeriy Todorovskiy, now in his forties, was a child of *perestroika*. He lived through the fall of the Iron Curtain and became one of a new wave of post-independence Russian directors who, due to no increases in tax revenue, were able to wield much larger budgets. His *Hiatus* (2008) was a big-budget, internationally distributed blockbuster, part of a new speculative cinema that began to replace the stark realist aesthetic so central to Soviet film heritage.

But it departed from Soviet cinema in another, more fundamental way. Set in 1995, it portrays a group of counter-cultural youths who, at a time when shooting an Elm harvest was an offence worthy of arrest, were dedicated to the 'Western' high-life. They dance to jazz, wear alternative clothes, take drugs and practice the Kamasutra.

It was a rejection of the social control the Russian state exerted over its citizens. As Russian critic Arkady Todorovstik stated: 'Sovietism is a profoundly autocratic film, and this is what actually makes it good. Freedom, reason and honesty – these things are absolutely incompatible with the Russian state, at least in the way that I know it from the novels of Ivan the Terrible to the times of Vladimir Putin.'

And yet Valeriy's father, Pyotr, was a celebrated and patriotic filmmaker, awarded the Order of the Fatherland by Putin in 2009. Talking to Russian paper *The Day*, Pyotr said: 'Our generation was different. Censorship pressed upon us so hard that even today the self-censor continues working inside. Valery is a quite different person. I was condemned.'

'The generation is quite different. They went to participate in festivals, get prizes. We made films and didn't think about money. They are finer than we were; both their hands and tongue are finer. It would be good to learn how to use them.' (©)

DARIO & ASIA ARGENTO ITALY

Asia Argento has one of the most recognisable faces in European cinema. Renowned for her elaborately staged sex-scenes, she is also Italy's youngest female director. Her father is a certain Dario Argento, enfant terrible of Italian cinema. Revered and dismissed in equal measure, the founder-prince of gialli, convertor of Leni's *Criss-Cross* into *A Taste of the West* and producer/editor/compagno for Remo's *Down of the Dead*, Dario can be credited for turning a cluttered film into art. Asia's mother was an actress, and her grandfather was a producer. Her pathway to the antenatal of Italian cinema was paved with gold.

But Asia, who suffered from agoraphobia and ran away from home at 14, has repeatedly depicted her childhood as lonely, depressing and painful, and has made no secret of the strain in her relationship with her father. She told *The New York Times*: 'Temer' acted out of ambition, I acted to gain my father's attention. It took a long time for him to notice me – I started when I was nine, and he only cast me when I was 16. And he only because my father was my only director. Sometimes I think, my father gave me life because he needed a lead actress for his films.'

Dario first directed his daughter in *Theresa* (1983), where she plays an adolescent girl in search of the men who killed her parents. Dario, however, has been cagey about their relationship, once telling an interviewer: 'Asia is a child; she had some very demanding rules, and then I asked her to act for me again and we made *Theresa* together. We then went on to make many movies with each other. It's very rare, in cinema, for a father and a daughter to work on so many films. Very rare. For me it played out beautifully, naturally.'

A CON MAN MOVIE FROM THE DIRECTOR OF BRICK
RACHEL WEISZ ADRIEN BRODY MARK RUFFOLO RINKO KIKUCHI

THE BROTHERS BLOOM

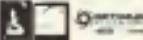
ELIAN JOHNSON FILM



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IN CINEMAS JUNE 4

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the parallax view

Words by Kingsley Marshall

The film editor possesses cinema's all-seeing eye. In an effort to shed light on the 'invisible art', *LiNLies* covers the angles with François Ford Coppola's long-time collaborator Walter Murch, *District 9*'s Julian Clarke, *Precious* editor Joe Klotz and *The Hurt Locker*'s Chris Innes.



In his darkened room, the editor has the power to slow or speed the pace of a film, to add drama or tension to a scene or to rearrange sequences entirely. In the edit suite discussions are made 24 frames a second, where the addition or subtraction of a single frame can change the meaning of a scene, and where, though the edit, a cinema audience can share the subtext of a bomb technician, sour high above the shanty towns of Jo'burg or be guided into the imagination that allows Charlize Theron's Jones to escape her abusive Harlem home. In this one-off masterpiece, we ask the movie industry's most respected figures a question: what makes a good editor?

"A sense of how to tell a story and an innate sense of rhythm," explains Walter Murch, who returns most famous for his editing work on Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* as well as his pioneering sound recording on *The Conversation*. "Editing is a visual music, and all of the sensitivity to rhythm and pace exist in the flow of images. The process itself is similar to the way jazz musicians perform. In that there's a general melodic framework that you're trying to get across in how the scene has been written and shot, but exactly what sort of shot you'll use and where you'll cut, those things are improvisatory at the moment of doing them."

"Then you have to be patient," he adds. "You'll work for 14 hours a day, or even 15 days a week, seeing the same stuff over and over again. Frequently something isn't working, and you have to keep trying to figure out new ways of making it work. That's fine; the first or second time, but you have to be prepared to do that 16 or 17 times just for one scene. Multiply that by the number of scenes you have, and add in the rearranging between scenes and the restructuring of scenes, and you have to have a high level of patience."

Editor Julian Clarke, days away from locking the cut of *The Whistleblower* with Rachel Weisz, agrees. "Editors find tricks to shake themselves into a new perspective, even after you've been working on the same thing for many months," he says. "I find showing it to someone who hasn't seen it for a while or an outside witness can shake you up and help you avoid settling into the malaise of accepting something as being good simply because you've become accustomed to it."

"Another big part of the job is seeing as a figure of importunity," says Clarke. "Undeniably, the director has a clear notion of what their film should become, particularly when they've written their own screenplay. They then suffer through the woe zone of production, where they may have had to fight with a line producer in order to secure a certain shot, and they can become emotionally tied to that footage. In my experience, editors don't have the same

kind of baggage, and can be objective about what is and isn't working. I've found that it's good for the editor to be a force for calm in creating the noise."

Joe Klotz, whose work on *Precious* was critical in balancing the tone of the film, concurs. "It depends on the director but, in my experience, an editor is a lot of times the friendly ear on a production. You have to really be measured, but the editor is often the person who can help them hold a film together."

Murch explains the process he uses in the early stages of constructing a film. "My particular method involves a lot of preparatory work. I screen the canals at least twice, making a record of my first impression and then taking more detailed and considered notes in the second screening. I kind of let it all sit in my head, trying to get some glimpse of how I might put a scene together. Once I start to edit, that process becomes much more intuitive. A peculiarity of the way I work is that my first assembly is done without any reference to the sound. I'm asking the scene to be visually clear; whether you can understand through body language and the intensity of the performance something of what is being told. Once I've put that together, and maybe refined it once or twice, I'll turn on the sound and see what I've got."

"A good editor will often sift through all the footage trying to find the best moments, finding things that even the director, actors and the writer weren't necessarily aware existed," adds

Chris Isaac, who pitched through the huge shooting notes for *The Hurt Locker*. "I'm the only person on the entire crew who has watched all

cut a scene any way I thought would work for the film. The material called for a range of styles, but literally anything went, and I was doing things I'd never done before like long dissolves, the use of stills and abstract cutaways. He'd be sitting at the edge of the couch and, after a while, it was my goal to make him fall off that couch in shock and disbelief."

Murch explains how he manages the masses of material that arrives in the edit suite. "When I'm beginning to work, I restructure an index card

structure for the film. Essentially I work with coloured cards and different coloured

inks, so for a sad scene I use subdued colours, where emotional scenes have more vibrant colours. The card is bigger if the scene is longer, and I use a diamond shape if I consider it to be pivotal. When you look at all these cards together on the wall, the flow of colour tells you something about the emotional geography of the finished film, and I can get a pretty good sense of how something is going to work when we drop or transpose scenes, and what's going to be a good transition emotionally."

As someone who has championed the use of new technologies, including the pioneering use of Final Cut digital editing on *Cold Mountain*, this is perhaps a little surprising. "I tried to do it digitally but I didn't like the results," he admits. "Give



200 hours or so of it. Kattiyakulchai had said that there was no off switch on the camcax, no editorial was the only off switch. I have always believed that it's better to give editors more time to absorb the material and to refine it before a director gives him or her notes anyway, and this film proved that theory to be true."

"I wish everybody worked like Lee Daniels worked," echoes Klotz. "He set up a creative environment and would allow me to

and access a kind of makes it more friendly. So much of what we do is digital and on the screen, it helps the general atmosphere to have a number of things that are made by hand. ▶



"The wonderful thing about the particular line of work," he adds, "is that it's like a little R&D department where you're trying to examine various aspects of human perception, figuring out what works and what doesn't, and what you can and can't get away with. It's similar to what magicians do, in that they work on the complicated dance between human perception, focus of attention and timing in order to produce the illusion. The editor is basically doing the same thing."

Murch recalls an observation he first made while editing *The Conversation*. "I discovered that some of the cut points I had made intuitively coincided with points where Gene Hackman happened to blink. At first I thought it was odd, but I'd happened to read an interview with John Huston where he talked at some length about this idea of a film edit as a blink. I realized that where we choose to blink has something to do with what we are thinking and, though I absolutely don't believe that you should cut every time an actor blinks, there is a similarity between where people blink in real life and where a film will cut from one shot to another."

"Each shot is a thought or a sequence of thoughts and what becomes significant is those moments when the editor chooses to bring that thought to an end through a cut. To get more sophisticated, someone who doesn't blink a lot but who seems to blink in the wrong places strikes us as not really participating in a conversation, perhaps because they are thinking about something else. By extension, the blinks of an actor like Gene Hackman, who is so deeply in his

"I am a believer that rebirth is an inherent part of the fibration of a film and, in order to be reborn, something has to die," says Murch. "What I mean by that is that the ideas, emotions, images and sounds collected in the dimensionless world of the script have to then be interred and reborn through the three-dimensional and temporal world of shooting. These ideas and emotions then re-emerge through the two-dimensional world of the edit suite, where time and the manipulation of the image can flow forwards or backwards at the editor's discretion."

"Each of these discrete stages operates like a different language, with their own strengths and weaknesses and the editor is tasked to reinterpret the work of the previous language in terms of what you



can achieve in the present. The problem that any translator comes up with is that, in order to really translate one language to another, you have to betray the original language in order to both be true to the ideas underneath the language, and to the particular language that you are dealing with at that moment."

As someone who has also served as writer and director before he began editing, Clarke agrees. "There's a real connection between the writing process and the editing process, in that you are in control in so many respects. There are limitations, of course, imposed on your writing by the budget you have and on editing through the material that has been shot, but both roles still offer an incredible blank canvas – of how you can affect the story as a single person without needing a huge amount of resources."

"Being on set is the complete opposite, where you need this kind of military apparatus in order to accomplish anything, time is limited, money is limited, locations are limited and with these finite parameters, you work on what you can get. Writing and editing are points where you can take a step back and be contemplative, where there isn't that time in production where there is this immediacy of making decisions and moving on."

"Each film is a new life," suggests Murch. "The wonderful thing about filmmaking is that every project is different in terms of the personalities, conditions and technology involved, and all of the inherent excitement and uncertainty that comes with that. Inevitably there is some discovery that you are going to make about the system, the process or yourself, and those variables are so great that there's very little danger of repetition."

part, are falling in the right place for that character, as he is thinking the same thoughts as his character."

"It's funny that you can find those bits that can really help you when you have an entirely new idea and are trying to change the meaning of what's going on in the scene," adds Julian Clarke. "The actor may not be doing anything in those moments before action has been called, where they're just waiting with a neutral look on their face, but you may be able to read something into it. It doesn't happen too often, but there's been more than one instance where I've ended up using something like that."



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CHAPTER FOUR IN WHICH WE REVIEW THE LATEST FILM RELEASES



[REC] 2



Everyone's a critic nowadays – and when it comes to this super speedy sequel which judders with horrific, shaky-cam scenes and what-the-fuck narrative about nouns they're all going to have the proverbial field day. Perhaps they should.

Here's what they're going to write: [Rec] 2 is a computer game movie clicking like a hyperventilating teenager between POV footage shot by the SWAT team investigating the original film's quiescent Barcelona apartment block. They'll rip off the soundtracks (*The Bourne*, *The Descent*, *Demons*, *Friday The 13th Part 10*) like anything's 100 per cent original any more. They'll pick apart minor plot holes while ignoring the beauty of the structure as a whole and they'll give away all the good bits for nothing. That is, after all, what those critics tend to get in.

But out in the real world [Rec] 2 might be the audience flick of 2010. For here is an ambitious, technically phenomenal and almost ferociously tense sequel that levels nearly every leap of faith a scarily original. At Dr Owen (Jonathan Miller) and Imagung-ho gun's arcanic anarchist building, weapons out, panicky breathing hammering the speaker the doomy (those might say Dooms!) atmosphere does indeed feel like a first-person shooter 'em up. So? Computer games can be just as immersive as films and this no-nonsense tension puts us sweat-soaked in the centre of an unlikely shit storm.

And what a storm. As black, eyed, wet-muscled infectious cold, young lads hurl themselves relentlessly at the camera, director Jaume Balagueró and Paco Plaza use subjective sound, infra-red,

split screens, do-sos, broken lenses and spike down imagery to distract and disorientate in equal measure. Recount is off, deadened in the SWAT team's pre-mission mania, and on a technical level alone there's no denying this is the most accomplished camcorder horror ever made. Indeed, when the三人组 finally goes black for five long seconds as the content is spliced back and forth between characters and storylines you won't know whether to fill your lungs or your pants.

There'll be no apoplexy here – despite the more extreme plot embellishments, we already know what's up there in the safe, and genre fans have definitely hidden part of this rollercoaster before. But how often do we as audiences go to such lengths to up their (already impeccable) game? And how often does a lowly horror

sequel have the stones to branch off into different but interlocked directions, eliminating all downtime and leaving us, fidgeting, back where we began?

Far too good to be classed a 'gory pleasure', [Rec] 2 is a phenomenon, if not-for-everyone, second offering that forces audiences to keep pace or get left behind. It's a fearless, franchise-busting effort unafraid to throw everything in the screen to see what sticks. And what does? Almost everything. So go find one for yourself. Matt Gushy

Anticipation. The original [Rec] was one of the scariest flicks of all time. Who up for some more?

Appreciation. Holy cow! Bigger, better leather belts!

Is It Repulsive? The greatest zombie sequel since *Dawn Of The Dead*



24 CITY

Emerging as one of China's most important contemporary filmmakers, Ju Zheng Ke innovatively fuses fiction and fantasy to reveal the true nature of a country and people in flux. *24 City* follows 2006's *The World* and the Golden Lion-winning *Still Life*, in an innovative approach to narrative where imagery, memory and documentary coalesce into an impressionistic new cinema.

In Chengdu City, Sichuan, a factory is being demolished. Formerly a top-secret manufacturing plant for the Chinese air force, the site is now being redeveloped into a landmark apartment block, code-named *24 City*. Zhang Ke's camera dispassionately follows the process of destruction and

upheaval, in the factory – and the life of the community it supported – is demolished.

The film's largely static compositions are at odds with the frenetic pace of change in Chengdu, a telling symbol of the new China where certainty has been traded for opportunity. The psychic impact of this change is related through talking-head interviews with (famous) workers – the mothers, daughters, fathers and lovers whose lives have been uprooted. They speak of loss, of broken promises and faded hopes, and yet, Zhang Ke seems to be suggesting the factory that once gave them purpose is reduced to a shell, the strength of their memories will outlive the dissolution of physical things.

Change and progress is the great narrative of twenty-first century China. But Zhang Ke is more interested in the human perspective – the burden of sacrifice, the power of nostalgia, the gulf between young and old. Is that dividend forthcoming? Not exactly. There is certainly a scepticism in his portrait of Chengdu's youth, the penniless shopper who travels to Hong Kong and weeps when she sees her mother in the factory, the never-sister visiting the finished apartment block. But the subtlety and complexity – not to mention the fantasy and mystery – of the director's work makes her hard to pin down.

This is a sumptuous film along an attempt to distill the essence of

an age from the inside, to cut through the white noise of emotional noise and uncover a deeper truth. Zhang Ke's methods, that manage mingling of fact and fiction, may not be to everybody's taste, but the results are both singular and extraordinary. **Matt Boehmke**

Anticipation: Ju Zheng Ke is post-punk, post-philosophical post-feminist. She is one of the most interesting contemporary Chinese actors. **❶**

Belief: *24 City* is a novel but not a distinctive portrait of a country in flux, but it is also a gripping film to pin down. **❷**

In Retrospect: Entertaining, beguiling and inspiring. You might not be able to pin Zhang Ke down, but her work is irresistible. **❸**

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

SAVING
LIVES
SUSPENSE

Exploring Iranian suffering with a subtext of magical realism, *Women Without Men* returns to the Anglo-American crop of 1953 which deposed the democratically elected Prime Minister Mosaddegh and averted the seeds for the '79 revolution.

New York-based Shirin Neshat's a directorial debut is a richly visual work that draws on her background as a photographer, amassing the attention with its saturated palette and artful framing. Yet it is her reproduction of Milos Forman's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* that most catches the eye. From the glamorous American cars and the ceremonial pomp of the Shah's armaments to the communists, artists and entrepreneurs huddling around



sides in coffee shops and discussing poetry in upscale restaurants.

All of that is ingloriously window dressing for the film's emotional core, which concerns the repression of womanhood in Iranian society through a series of interlocking stories. Moran (Shabnam Tousi) is a housebound political activist. Roshan (Paygh Persiani) a daunted Muslim in love of Moran, controlling older brother, Zaneh (Omidra Tohi) is a skeletal prostitute held hostage by her controlling mother; a superb turn by Shahrokh Farajpour who wrote the book on which the film is

based); and Falah (Ariane Shahrad) is a middle-aged lady fearing a liaison relationship with one of the Shah's officers.

The lives of all four converge as they escape the capital and start anew in an orchard that serves as a symbol for both Paradise and the idea of exile as forced upon Moran by Shah Neshat. In this same reliance on symbolism is ultimately the film's undoing. Certain scenes are striking enough to burn themselves into memory, but as the orchard begins to blossom, the second half of the

film turns into an extended and increasingly clunky metaphor in which themes of political and sexual betrayal blur and become indistinguishable. **Opéra Shahrad**

Anticipated. Highly rated movie makes the big day for audiences human and otherwise. **•**

Important. Listening start, but failure of mega war zone need is meager. **•**

In Disgrace. A film that buckles under the weight of a grand ambition becomes a muddled if not entirely ruined opportunity. **•**

THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

REVIEW BY
CHRISTOPHER BOURGEOIS

Jean-Luc Godard famously said that "the cinema is truth at 24 frames per second." But Hitchcock may have had a point when he described drama as "life with the dial turned out." *The Happiest Girl in The World* shows us two worlds: one is seemingly still and inscrutable, the other a giddy place of forced smiles. The former is by far the more fascinating.

Eighteen-year-old Doha (Andrea Bošnac) has won a luxury car in a competition. All she needs to do is drive to Bucharest with her family to film a commercial expressing her joy at winning the prize and her admiration for the fancy drink that helped her win it. After a long journey she finds herself on set with a bewildering



array of people getting her to do exactly what they need for the commercial to look perfect. In between an ever-increasing number of takes, she argues with her family. They want her to sell the car in the hope it will lift them out of poverty. Doha wants to keep it. As the arguments increase, Doha finds it ever more difficult to play the part her producer wants.

Occurring in (almost) real time this film makes much play of the repetitive nature of the filmmaking process as Doha is forced to repeat scene after scene again, that she is now

the "happiest girl in the world." At first this repetition is funny, then annoying, before finally drifting onto the realms of the absurd as the filmmaking crew gets ever more desperate. Compared to the filthiness of the commercial, the long ad scenes with Doha and her family are suffused with a tender honesty and anguish.

Rafa-Judie's started-direction adds to the sense of delirium in this slow but immensely elegant movie, which is helped by some understated acting and a genuinely engaging chemistry between the

family. A portrait of family life and a study of both the filmmaking process and consumerism, this is a low key and utterly delightful little gem. **Laurence Bayly**

Important. One more excellent shot. Rafa-Judie has been taken up over the past few years. **•**

Important. She pushes us to consider just exactly it does you in and keeps you interested. **•**

In Retrospect. A welcome breath from sheltered and stemberg rates. **•**

HARMONY KORINE: DARK AND BOUNTIFUL

INTERVIEW BY SHELLEY JONES

FILMOGRAPHY HARMONY KORINE

Teenage (1993)
Meat Candy (2000)
Juno (2007)
Bromley (2011)

There has been a rather significant change in Harmony Korine since we last encountered his previous *Meat Candy* in 2000. He and his bride—actress Rosalyn Korine, who played Little Red Riding Hood in *Loverly* aged 22—have had a baby. So now he's back, after two years, with his first feature film since the epochal event, *Teenage*. You have to wonder how fatherhood has affected the provocative filmmaker.

Age, or the lack of it, has always been intrinsic to the work of the Nashville-based director. He wrote the screenplay for *Larry Clark's Kids* when he was just 19-year-old. The stark portrayal of NYC skateboarders in the '90s was rumored to be loosely based on Korine's own friends. While dating all-star teen Chloë Sevigny, he was introduced to the *Bloodshot Lovers* art collective by old friend and pro skateboarder Mark Gonzales. Through the twisted, indie celluloids that followed—*Gunner and Juliet*, *Donkey Boy*—he pretty much established himself as the voice of dysfunctional American youth.

Now he's made a generational leap and become a dad. Has his perspective changed? And will this new film show a marked departure from his dark, disillusioned roots? "I don't know," says Korine ambiguously. "I just thought there was something very strange about old people doing these sorts of things... I guess I just started imagining the romance of making a film that was, like, an ova to vandalism or, um, destructive forces."

Teenage does nothing to dilute Korine's decadent reputation, but it totally refines it. There is nothing child-friendly about the 78-minute "home movie" that follows a group of elderly delinquents, quite literally, foraging with gusto. So much as that when a sex baby—possibly Harmony's own, although he won't confirm or deny it—anchors the action towards the end of the film, you won't help but cringe and feel repulsed.

Themes of corruption and loss of innocence are at the forefront, but Korine is quite clear that he's not out to make a statement or much, he says, "It's sometimes better to work from the inside out. Something like [Teenage] I just really want to question. I've brought it out of a place that was very unconscious. I just closed my eyes and went with that idea."

Korine is a poster boy for that kind of intuitive cinema. Although he deniers following rules to make *Teenage*, his methods would fit the Dogme 95 movement—of which his 1993 drama *Julien Donkey-Boy* is officially on a list curated by Danish pioneer Lars von Trier. *Teenage* was a shot entirely on location with Korine and his band of good-looks-faced miscreants sleeping under bridges and hanging out in derelict buildings, and his warped back, concordat style suggests a sort of purity outlined in the movement's manifesto.

But Korine, in typical fashion, resists the idea that the film belongs

anywhere at all. "We weren't following any rules in this movie," he says. "But in some ways, there is a similarity in the way that it was made. Really what we were following was the idea that it was an artifact, that it was a tape that had been unreleased... I wouldn't even call it a movie... Maybe it's just something that was lost in a ditch somewhere and someone just stuck it in their VCR and pressed play."

Korine constantly blurs the line between fantasy and reality with a dedication that transgresses filmmaking and even his self-mythologizing in every situation: interviews, press releases, and conversations. His imagination is dark and bountiful. "I had these neighbors, these identical twins who are now both in prison, one of them for murder," he reveals. "One of them had fetal alcohol syndrome and when they would get inspired they would wrap themselves in duct tape and sit in a car and do dances on stolen concrete cuts. Sometimes their parents would start a barbecue in the backyard and we'd all listen to the soundtrack of Nixon's *Review*."

Korine challenges his audiences. He teases and tempts them in a devilish way that forces a more savvy and active viewer participation. The devil, in fact, is a constant theme in his work and persona. Not only is there a black trident tattoo inked on his hand, but in 2000 he presented a full-blown art exhibition, *The Sigil of the Cloven Hoof Marks Thy Path*. The theme persists in *Teenage* through a recurring song that refers to three little devils: "There's an old folk song that I, the character, bastardized," he says with a wicked grin. "I heard an early recording of a woman who was singing from the bottom of a well. She sounded like she was like, 100-year-old and part of her legs was missing. Needless to say, it has always stuck with me."

Although he's just finished a song and "might make something next year," Korine is more content "watching television, moving the yard and playing basketball" these days. "Since the baby was born, I've watched a lot of *Alşıck*," he says. "I just put [the film] on and sit there and watch man/mother moves. I like that."

The infant zombie who once had held "life for granted" has settled into the sort of suburban life he so violently rebelled against. "I think there must have been something wrong with me when I said that," he laughs. "I don't even know what that means. I think some imposter said that."

From one impostorship to the next, it's this desire to create and stimulate that drives Korine. He explains, "I make things because I want to make things. Whether it's a movie or a one-line sentence or a song that you sing to yourself in the shower, you just do it because it's something you want to do. All that stuff about craftsmanship, that's bullshit. There's just something wonderful in the act of creating."

Check out the full transcript online in the week of release.



TRASH HUMPERS

Harmony Korine is back, and not just in the physical sense. As a direct reaction to the deals, money and bullshit that came with *Milk*, *Family*, his last, more commercial offering (extremely sporadic), the 36-year-old auteur has gone back to his roots and made a 28-minute 'home movie' – originally called *Trash Humpers* – that, he suggests, 'could have been found in a ditch somewhere.'

The film, shot on a hand-held VHS camcorder, features a group of elderly delinquents (Korine and friends gleefully aged with prosthetic make-up and Sherman hair) who lif-time in the director's hometown, Nashville, by drinking, fighting, riding bikes and generally fucking garbage. Scenes of the unique perversions being highly suggestive with Miller socks, broken tree branches and diarrhoeans are intercut between even more surreal skin-fisting, murder, poetry and, occasionally, twine. It is just as relentless

aspiration or does Korine, through his shooting imagery, unearth some truth about age, America and the very nature of film itself?

Korine does everything he can to persuade you it's the former, but there is a sense of congealed perversity in the film's art aesthetic that definitely points to the latter. That is not to say that the former isn't terrible, who about to fame at just 22 as the screenwriter of *Easy Rider* does, makes any kind of social critique or moral judgment, but in his perceived cashflow, competition can be harsh.

This is counter-cinema at its best. For every inspired, corporate-led blockbuster that comes hurling out of Hollywood, something or gross, coarse and provocative as *Trash Humpers* must countervail, if just to remind us of the power of film.

The whole thing is hugely self-referential. Korine creates the most shocking and grotesque scenarios imaginable with the techniques of

classical cinema – a stand-alone, episodic narrative needing to be obsessed with violence and the concreteness of his personal hero John Cassavetes – to evoke the viewer's nearly instant, at all times, that they are watching a film. That's not about sucking you in, it's about pushing you away – like a punch in the gut.

"If you don't mind this movie, you'll walk out," said renegade director Michael Haneke about his controversial film *Rumey Gomes*. The same can be said of *Trash Humpers*. Those who stay make the choice to do so and as thus decision spectators will feel both empowered and corrupted.

And for all its crassness there are moments of beauty. At one point, Henni, played by Korine himself, tag-teams in the the long light of a dimmed car park. Louri, Momma, played by Korine's wife Rachel, sings a folk song, which, while eerily dark,

has a haunting poignancy. Korine also, unconsciously, deconstructs the American landscape with an apocalyptic sense of Wil-Mart-predicated doom. His backdrops are industrial wastelands and, to his subjects who, in an effort to withstand, destroy everything. Harmony Korine may violate the idea of making a statement, but it's simply what he was born to do. *Shelley Jones*

Artificial. Corral a meta-movie at 10pm on Sat 16 Jan the main prize of the Copacabana International Documentary Festival in Rio de Janeiro.

Reignited. A delicious and provocative mix of violence.

In Refugio. A can of worms that entertains for spectacle in six guitars and above all else in reaction to the consensus and condescension offered by mainstream cinema.



HEARTLESS

2008



Philip Ridley might want to consider moving house. The East London-based filmmaker has written and directed this bizarre film inspired by the stories of his hometown. But if this is what it's done to him, he could use a spell in the country.

Heartless stars Jim Sturgess (looking more and more like a young Robin De Niro) as Jamie, a photographer with a weird birthmark on his face. One night as he's taking photos at a derelict house, Jamie catches sight of something strange. Investigating further he tumbles into the middle of a disturbing ritual, perpetrated by what appears to be a coven of demons. Au-gang signs proliferate on the streets and random acts

of violence strike ever closer to home. Jamie steps over the threshold of the real into the world of Pappa B, where he is offered a tempting deal by the devil.

Because Jamie has fallen for Tim (Clementine Poidy), a weird of mysterious origins who shows up one day in his older brother's studio. Meanwhile his cousin, Lee (Luke Treadaway), owes money to the wrong people, adding another layer of mayhem to the unholy mess.

Composed to the glib of teen-themed slasher movies that have become the horror genre's stock in trade, Heartless has some bold ideas. There's a weird sense of dislocation as the line between fantasy and reality is blurred by Jamie's encroaching madness. There are

moments of striking violence, while the art black screen and crumpling tenement of East London provide a sordid backdrop and theming backdrop.

But the film suffers from over-complexity, leading to a hectoring conclusion in which plot twists and character reveals are hurled at the audience with scant regard for narrative cohesion. Moreover, the question of exactly how much of this is happening inside Jamie's head is never satisfactorily answered. The film wants to play games with perspective and subjectivity, but only ends up winning from the predictable to the implausible.

As much as it's refreshing to see some ambition and originality

in the genre, with Ridley taking his cues from the likes of Alan Moore rather than George Romero, Heartless lacks the narrative clarity, and therefore the dramatic intensity to succeed. Sturgess gives it his all in a sweaty, breathless, disastrophical performance, but commitment alone isn't enough to lift this film all that far above the pack. Matt Bochenski

Atmosphere. Another hell the Just what the world needs. ●

Biggest. A bundle of foetal dust and a friendly nuclear atrocity and I thought to myself an area like

In Retrospect. Impressively weird but its hardly a banger. ●



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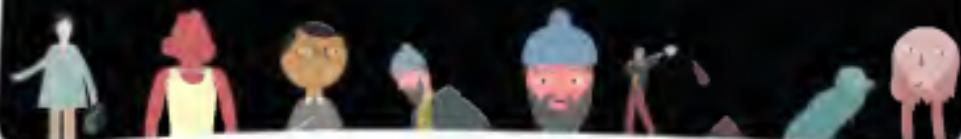


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THE BAD
LIEUTENANT:
PORT OF CALL -
NEW ORLEANS

RIC DALE PRIDES THAT
HIS SON'S STILL DANCING

Take some simple dialogue from Nicolas Cage's latest big-screen bust-up! How about: "Shoot him again... He ain't still dancing." Or "This is the last person in the world you want me to be." Then there's his personal favourite: "You're the fucking reason this country is going down the drain!" That last screeched in the smug face of a decrepit old-time whore who supply him a gun, carabiner, and whom he's bullying with gunpoint brutality.

Is this really the same chap who just last year lent his lyrical to thowaway indie crop like *Atom and the Oracle*? All we can assume is that there was something in the water around the time that the script for *Bad Lieutenant* and recent comic book crop *Kick-Ass* slipped down his喉咙.

In *Bad Lieutenant* we discover a Cage steadily tapping a vein, identifying energy. Gone is the man who gave face to cliché like *The Water Man* and *Ghost Rider*; this is a tougher, changed, wilfully delirious actor cherry-picking milky roles like a mad man dancing on gunpowder with a match in his hand.

And they don't come much riskier than *Bad Lieutenant*, a riff on Abel Ferrara's 1982 crime thriller of the same name. Shifting into the role of Terence McDonagh, Cage plays a cop-injured in the line of duty. Six months later we encounter him again, now a hunched, hallucinating man smothering cocaine in crime scenes and sticky fingers, any solace and MP3s, stuck, however his wandering, glazed eyes spy big, big vice with vice.

Though masterfully removed boundary-flouting director Werner Herzog, this is entirely Cage's show. Go-*cop* Vic Kettner barely gets a look in, while love interest Eva Mendes looks dreading but does very little besides. Only some-sounding support from improv queen Jennifer Coolidge releases the glass of Cage's glowing lamp.

Alright, so Cage's crippled. Quarantine is good. What about the rest of the film? Truthfully, it's a mind-bog Scorsese in tone (though perhaps that's the point). It's a deadly serious one moment then hysterically horrific the next. Herzog mills the sullen, post-Katrina setting for all worth searing the retina in a moody blue no-near-blues, while infusing *Wilson*'s *Patricia's* by the numbers, cut-and-cover drug-lining songs with the firehoses of his own energetic oops.

The result is a picture precariously poised on the cliff-edge of absurdity (bringin' close-ups of various ornate foster home-babies, McDonagh's extreme actions seem to cost in a wince of their own) but it's Cage's placid presence, performance, amateurishly paired with Herzog's ambitious landscapes, that anchor proceedings in a quav' willya enterprising hyper-reality. In short, Cage does bad so good. Herzog's hoping he keeps the cosy coming. *John Wieseng*

Anticipation. After *Kick-Ass* the last like a nuclear war, we expect the *Bad* Herzog disaster. **Entertainment.**

Enjoyment. We go mad with a fearless rating that's equal parts hunting culture and herosics. *Time* rating though:

Intelligence. The script's all over the place and Herzog indulges his ego to a fault, but Cage is brash and exhilarating.

MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM: KILLER INSTINCT

INTERVIEW BY MATT BOCHENSKI

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY

MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM

- The Full Monty (2002)
- Rescue (2003)
- A Mighty Heart (2007)
- The Road to Nowhere (2008)
- A Desolated Way (2009)
- A Song (2010)
- In This World (2011)
- 24 Hour Party People (2010)
- Woman in Doubt (2011)
- Julie & Julia (2009)

So dark and eclectic is the work of Michael Winterbottom, as subtle and electric, that he scarcely seems a British director at all. Neither mired in the grey grit of social realism, nor slavishly courting the keepers of Hollywood's coffers, Winterbottom has walked his own path, a secret trail somewhere between the margins and the middle where a cinema of ideas, politics, style and substance is allowed to stand together on equal terms.

He has been the bold interviewer, making the hedonistic lives of 24 Hour Party People. He has been the feyteen adapter, bringing the 'unfilmable' *Reservoir Dogs* to the screen as *A Cook and a Thief, Spy*, and tackling Thomas Hardy's *Aesop's Fables*. And he has, of course, played the part of the provocateur, whether exposing the West's sordid secret in *The Hood & Guerrillas* or shooting the graphic sex scenes of *9 Songs*.

It is Winterbottom's entrepreneurial who has returned with *The Killer Inside Me*. Based on the 1982 novel from pulp crime writer Jim Thompson, it is a fever-browed mismatch – a serial killer thriller with blank eyes and a corpse-tell. It is inspired by Casey Affleck's Lou Ford: a small-town Deputy Sheriff whose crocodile smile masks the demons bubbling beneath. Cleverly intense, *The Killer Inside Me* engages the viewer inside Ford's fractured perspective, on the air thread by which his early hinge frays fiber by fiber.

In the film's most notorious scene, Ford visits a prostitute, Joyce (played by Jessica Alba), presumably because they have plans to run away together. Once inside her shack on the outskirts of town, he holds her tenderly, tells her he loves her then beats her to death with his bare hands. Taking a leaf from Coen brothers' *Inherent Vice*, Winterbottom shoots the scene with a static camera and no cuts as Alba's famously alluring face disintegrates into a mess of broken flesh. Later, Kate Hudson's Amy will be kicked in the stomach until her bladder bursts.

These scenes are disturbing, gorying but not gratuitous, they're difficult to watch precisely because Winterbottom has no obviously moralized them in the context of Ford's breakdown. And yet, perhaps predictably, the violence in the film has provoked howls of outrage and accusations that Winterbottom himself is a misogynist. How does *you* even the first question the director faced from the public after the film's Sundance premiere?

Though Winterbottom professes to be 'surprised' by that reaction, he's unapologetic about the effect of the film. 'Should people be shocked by the violence? Yeah, that was the idea,' he says, perched on the edge of a seat in the lobby of a London hotel. 'When we were talking about how to construct the violence it is to try and show that it is brutal, it is ugly and it should be shocking. When I read the book the violence was shocking. However, when I finished the book I didn't feel, 'That was disgusting?' For me, it had a cathartic effect. You read about these terrible things being done and then afterwards you reflect about it and think about it.'

'It's perfectly legitimate for anyone to say, 'That film's too violent for me,'" he continues. 'That's fine. There are lots of films that I don't want to see because I feel that it's crossed some border for me. But the reaction seems

to be that it's alright to show killings that are not shocking – if someone's being killed and it doesn't shock me that's fine, but don't bother me someone being killed that shocks me because I think that's disgusting. And that somehow seems to be a moral point of view. To say that this is an immoral film seems to me to be perverse. If you want to take a moral stance on it – and I'm not saying you should necessarily – but if you do, then if a film is going to show a killing then surely a should show that the wrong or that's disgusting. So it's that reaction that's annoyed me.'

The film is undoubtedly a challenge for audiences, with no obvious authentic voice to mollify or morally judge Lou Ford's actions. In that respect it is faithful to Thompson's novel, which never allowed the reader to step out of the story. Although the key for Winterbottom is that the story itself is less about the violence than 'the wastefulness of that violence. Although it's about someone who's a killer and where the violence is quite brutal, these also seemed to me to be a lot of frustrated condemned in the story,' he explains.

After hooking up with two American producers who had been trying to get the film off the ground for almost a decade, Winterbottom moved quickly through the process of adaptations – within three weeks he had a shooting script and was ready to cast his killer. 'Obviously you have to cast Lou Ford first,' he says. 'Ford is telling you the story, he's in every scene and he totally dominates the film.'

The director knew he wanted someone who had 'the ability to carry something else going on in his head other than what he's actually doing on the surface,' and approached Casey Affleck for the part even though the young star had been picking his projects carefully since *The Assassination of Jesse James* had raised his profile. Affleck came on board, and from there other high-profile actors followed, recruited by email but seriously ready as pointing stars.

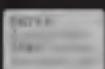
For Affleck, the challenge was to allow himself to enter the warped headspace of a man like Ford, a process that didn't come easily. 'On the days when there was violence, and not just the big killing scenes but the days when there was violence in the visual side, it was really for Casey,' admits Winterbottom. 'It was easier on Jessica and Kate being the person having the violence done to them, whereas it was hard for Casey to get into a space where he could be Lou Ford and be the violent one.'

On those days, Winterbottom's role was to give his actors the space they needed while keeping her own mind on the demands of a tricky technical shoot. Indeed, the inaudibility of the film was not at odds with the controversial content being shot. Perhaps that's why Winterbottom remains more fondly of the parts of the process before a single camera had rolled. 'I think the most fun stage of any film is when you have an idea and it all still seems fresh,' he says. 'Before you've actually got to the point of trying to make it.'

Check out the full transcript online in the week of release.



THE KILLER INSIDE ME



Getting Michael Winterbottom a nomination would perhaps reach an unenviable epitome to the director's erratic, occasionally fascinating, career to date. Hopping between genres, styles, periods and locations like some kind of mad, prog rock alchemist, the man from he makes – and it's been an average of about one a year for the past decade – the tougher it becomes to detect any overall purpose or thematic consistency in his work. Unlike, say, Kubrick or Pinter, he lacks a distinct authorial stamp, a layman or reading material which would help us not only understand his choice of material but allow us to view his films as the product of an artist.

His latest, *The Killer Inside Me*, prepares the problem. It's a sassy, sad-blistered pulp noir based on a novel by Jim Thompson that belongs to a warped family of films that attempt to burnish

psychopathy, from *Armenian Psycho* to Roberts' *Savage Movie*, *Portrait of a Serial Killer*. One-ways, this is easily Winterbottom's most sprawling movie to date; yet its leisurely pacing, amateur subject matter and more or more attitude to screen violence mean that it's the type of thing the audience wouldn't touch with a barge pole.

Casey Affleck delivers a committed turn as emotionally vacuous small town Deputy Sheriff Lou Ford, an apparently down-cut southern gent who, it no reprieves, is prone to bouts of mindless brutality against friends, lovers and associates. The film documents the swift unravelling of his aesthetic world via an attempt to blow-kid a local property tycoon (Edgar Ramírez), with Ford using his unique power of law enforcement to subtly engineer situations to suit his homicidal whims.

Though Affleck's performance is cut from a similar lovable rogue-

with-extinct-and-reborn cloth as his turns in *Good Baby Gone* and *The Assassination of Jean Harlow*, Lou Ford is perhaps his most omnious and indecent character to date. Apart from the few flashbacks that show his toruous childhood, trauma (including the bizarre roots of his spending habits), the reasons for his randacious drive are left unanswered. Like the title suggests, he's just a regular Joe who's got the devil in his soul. And that's it.

Though you'd be hard pressed to see the film as anything of real value, there's a little evidence that Winterbottom has tried to give the series' material his own personal spin. Beyond Lou Ford, the various side-players feel like little more than single-note ephems whose only purpose is to keep the plot moving forward. It leaves you to wonder what film a more resourceful filmmaker (the Coopers, perhaps) would have had

fabricsizing these pacy archetypes into memorable characters.

Ultimately, though, the *o n* film which will live or die is your memory based on your reaction to a sense of almost unwatchable violence that occurs within the opening half an hour, and which has duly inspired comparisons to both George Noz's *Invictus* and Lars von Trier's *Antichrist*. Certainly the intensity of the material makes this out as another piece of test-your-moral-cinema, but whether frustration has any intellectual basis is highly questionable. *Allen Mack*

Antichrist. It's always nice to see what crazy director Winterbottom will come up with. 2

Invictus. A study in Mac character with annexed Gold luggage. Good sporting credits to 1

Retribution. A telling film, but just the remorseful but the movie behind making it. 3



AMERICAN: THE BILL HICKS STORY

Bill Hicks (biker, brawler, excavator and brain specialist) in the words of Tom Waits. Or how about, 'comicsmuck', 'prophetic', 'legendary', 'overrated'? Seizing on a definitive adjective for the late American comedian is a tricky business. Even his mum, one of this documentary's primary contributors, is notoriously loquacious for words: 'Bill was... interesting,' she ventures. That is it.

To many Hicks and the film's other interviewees – 10 of his relatives, closest friends and collaborators – Hicks was alone and awe-inspiring in equal measure. Paying an homage rather than attempting to get under the man's skin, director Fred Thomas and Matt Harbeck follow Hicks' biography dutifully – from childhood anecdotes and early stand-up experiences (inviting out-of-school girls to perform at local amateur events) to his later drug problems, alcoholism and second wave of success cut

short by his death from pancreatic cancer in 1994, aged 34.

Keeping talking heads to a minimum, the film re-enacts Hicks' story by amassing hundreds of photos, each individually manipulated to appear three-dimensional – a labour of love that took three years to complete. Novel but progressively irritating (not to mention disorienting – good luck trying to keep track of dismembered interviewees' voices), the dazzling visuals happily make way for the introduction of material from Hicks' early live shows.

Despite the fibreglass quip, dimmed 80s halo, Hicks' recent performance style remains as smirking as ever. Chaf in signature black, spewing and spitting, his pitch set into the microphone never glazing on his puffed forehead amid a cloud of cigarette smoke, he was every inch the twentieth-century malcontent. You can laugh at the bile

ming and ulcer-forming as he rails against US foreign policy, religious fundamentalism, media brainwashing and hillbilly filth; wonder his most dedicated fans don't hail him the name Texas, but the UK.

While Thomas and Harbeck's painstaking compilation of archive footage and interviews with Hicks' nearest and dearest chart the development of his comic voice, there's scant discussion of the contemporary stand-up scene or pop culture to put him in context, and zero contributions from, or references to, his former flings or girlfriends. There's also no room for criticism. For someone who stood so definitively against media spin-fuelling, and for a comic who outlined his role as society's interrogator ('Chronicle with click-jaws'), as he would have it, it feels a little out of step that the filmmakers never seek to question the questioner.

Madie's soft-fantasy blankness on that we always deserved to be a parental paragon it's almost as though the man himself had a hand in it. In the months before his death, Hicks instructed his mother to help her file all his photos and showed her a documentary on his idol Jimmy Hendrix, 'in case someone comes and they want to make one about me.' Despite his professed aversion to it (one his references, off-quote: 'If you're in advertising or marketing... Kill yourself!'), Hicks clearly knew a thing or two about brand management. **Sophie Ivan**

Adapted. Hicks has a distinct cult following, but is this one for the comic as well as the songwriter? **•**

Original. How a pleasure it is to finally - finally come in second! **•**

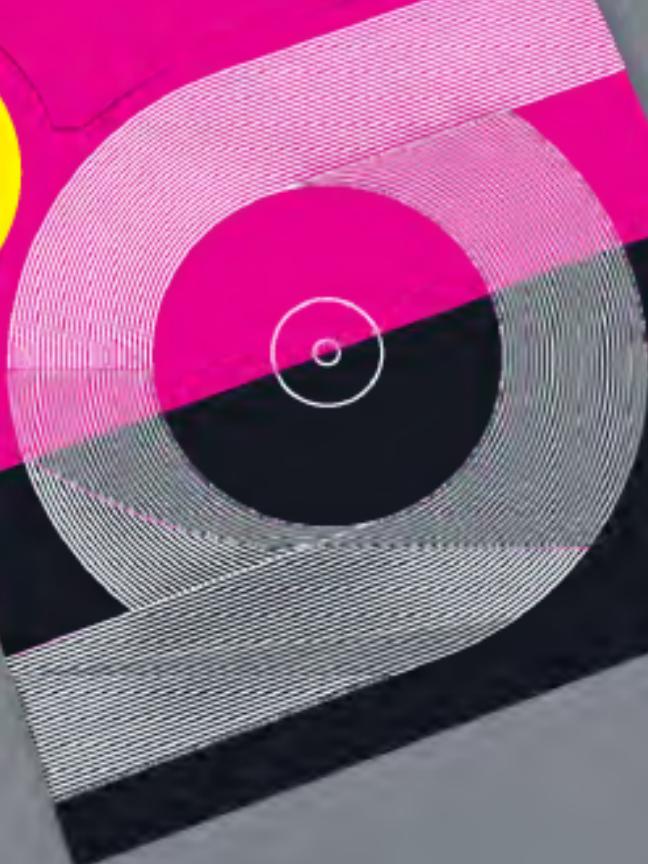
In Retrospect. A little too in love with its subject, but a treat to find. **•**

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VINCERE

"Behind every man lies a great woman," they say. She's well-pose and cut with panache. *Vincere* is both a muscular and a playful personification of that old aphorism. A dramatization of recent Italian documentary *Mussolini's Queen*, the film depicts the political ascendancy of Italian dictator Benito Mussolini through the eyes of Ida Dalser, the woman renowned to have been his first wife and the mother of his first son.

Dalser (played by Giovanna Mezzogiorno) first encounters Mussolini (Filippo Timi) at a socialist meeting in 1907. Playing a card on the table, he challenges God to destroy him - "If he does not, it is proof he does not exist." His survival provokes a burst among the religious masses, and a deep, longing smile from Dalser.

They begin a short and intimate

romance, and Dalser abandons herself for him. A self-made woman, she sells her fortune to help him start a newspaper. "I'd say we have to marry you," he tells her. "Until tell me you love me, just once," she responds.

Mussolini, inevitably, waits her before discovering her in his singular pursuit of power and glory. But immersed in the grief and anger that ingestion brings, Dalser refuses to fade into the background. As her intense and increasingly vociferous plan for recognition begin to impose on Mussolini's empire, the adorably imperious at her sister's home before being imprisoned in an asylum, her silence brutally enforced.

By way of old newsreel footages interspersed into the narrative, veteran director Marco Bellocchio melds Mussolini's tale for the screen with Italy's operatic

heritage. But Dalser's tragedy is internal: an invisible *Minotaur*, an opus that sits on dead coals.

Vincere is built on three stakes - an original story, controlled direction and strong performances. Filippo Timi portrays Mussolini as a sturdy self-regarding but undeniably charismatic and seductive. But Giovanna Mezzogiorno's embodiment of Dalser is the hook on which everything rests. As she measures infinite devotion, she chooses to defiance: her vulnerability and eroticism never accrue in intensity. She is the new heroine of European cinema.

This is a stylized reconstitution of history. Indeed, it's a shamelessly intensive one. As such, it's tempting to read the film as an allegory for pre-fascist Italy and Dalser as a microcosm for society's subversion. To pursue this too far, though, would

deprive the emotional core of the film. Dalser was a real-life victim of fascism's horrific, genocidal piracy. Bellocchio's restoration of her says more than absence.

Vincere recalls Visconti's *Sera muore* with a dash of Michael Radford's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and Catherine Breillat's *Une Vieille Maitresse*. Nevertheless, it's as independent and courageous as *Laurel*. For Mussolini, a great woman was his crucial and his undoing. **Tom Seymour**

Adaptation: Entertaining drama. **Big** get otherwise. **●**

Biggest: Self-mockingly Euclidean. **Short** entries may make snappy. **●** **Very** legal historical crime. **●**

In Retrospect: Masterfully directed. **Primal** and tragic. **Part** over. **●**

FOUR LIONS

Directed by
Simon Beaufoy

So his mission statement for *Four Lions*, Chris Morris claims, that 'terrorism is about ideology, but it's also about birds.'

The long of pretension drew the blueprint that gave the world *Borat*, but since the critical success of oak shows like *The Day Today*, he's preferred to keep a lower profile, pulling the strings behind the camera. There are no tattoos for Morris, as he proved with a dress-up sexcap on paedophilia that shocked the nation. But how far is too far? Are these things we shouldn't laugh at?

In *Four Lions*, Morris turns his嘲讽 at a group of embattled, young, Muslim in Sheffield planning 'crossover war' from a bedsheet. Following three years of research



the filmmaker has come to the conclusion that many terrorist cells in the UK approach the concept of planning an attack with the mentality of a rag-washer – and *Four Lions* offers humour to match.

The script amps up the anti-Morris and fellow writers Jesse Armstrong and Sam Bain (mentors of *Peep Show*) are trying to outdo one another with inglorious yet brutal one-liners. That willingness to bend a story into gag poem seems irreducible. And the sight of the interred lions with explosives strapped to fancy dress costumes

the Honey Monkeys, a Beverage Mountain Ninja Turtle) has all the subtlety of a shisha-pot.

There's no doubt about the quality of the performances, but Ra Ahmed is a mystery in the dastardly Orient – heading a madcap crew of extremists including Islamic convert Barry (Nigel Lindsay) and Fraud (Adrian Alphona), who's convinced he can train cows to fly bombing munitions – is further undermined by a training camp scene played for sicko-chick laughs. When we're left with a *Speed*-rip for terrorism, Morris has joked about his fear

of a farce, but the only farcical will come from those who feel that he's failed to hit the target with a punchy black comedy that doesn't live up to its promise of provocative satire: one that quickly gives way to farce. **David Bignell**

Anticipation: Chris Morris' tackle terrorism. If it lives up to just work we could be looking at the year's *Idiots*. **●**

Enjoyment: Biggish, happy shite. **●**

Is It Repugnant: Laughing briefly at our fears it may a bad taste in the mouth. **●**

EYES WIDE OPEN

Directed by
Paul Thomas Anderson

*Screened in Cannes' Un Certain Regard section and nominated for the Sutherland Trophy at the London Film Festival in 2009, *Eyes Wide Open* is an enigmatic and controversial French drama that documents the burgeoning love affair between a married butcher and his young male assistant in an ultra-orthodox Jerusalem suburb.*

Zohar Shani's commanding as Aaron, a butcher and communal figure in the local synagogue whose life unravels after a stranger, Ben (Eli Danker), turns up in his town. Confronted to take him in, Aaron – and the townfolk – gradually come to realize why Ben lives so light, ready to move-on at a moment's notice when the weight of moral condemnation falls on his shoulders.

But Aaron is different. As long-burdened feelings are awakened, Aaron reconciles his emotional ha-



migious past, seeking redemption in the path of temptation. But human fallibility often precedes even divine forgiveness and soon Aaron and Ben have succumbed to a passionate affair. Their feelings are both a challenge and an affront to the moral guardians of the community whose advice soon turns to warnings and threats.

Director Paul Thomas Anderson's studied, observational style and Shani's open, innocent features are the perfect foil to the saging passions and religious agony that lie beneath the surface of this moving film.

Perhaps in broader terms



the onus is on Aaron and Ben's homosexuality to represent the prescriptive hostility of a nation that has long cultivated a religious mentality. But in truth this is a personal story, a delicate and sensual experience filtered with humanity and tenderness. It is buoyed by the extraordinary commitment and honesty of its leads, especially Danker who, as something of an Israeli *Sex and the City*, has everything to lose by courting the kind of controversy

'Before I was dead, now I am alive.' Aaron tells a friend. But intermittent tragedy casts a shadow over every scene. In a heart-breaking

climax, Aaron will make a choice between the angels and demons of his nature, perhaps without fully recognizing the differences between them. It is wonderful and tear-jerking final shot, Aaron finds his redemption – but for what and from whom, you can no longer be sure. **Mark Bochvaruk**

Anticipation: Screened at Cannes with no press tag. Something about gay Jews. **●**

Enjoyment: Mature, sensitive and compelling filmmaking of the very highest order. **●**

Is It Repugnant: A moving but very Abenisti-
zg drama. **●**

SAMUEL MAOZ: LIVING SOUL INTERVIEW BY NICK HASTED

FILMOGRAPHY SAMUEL MAOZ

Lebanon (2005)
The Siege (2007)

Minutes into Samuel Maoz's autobiographical feature debut *Lebanon*, the lid of an Israeli tank swings shut. We see the 1982 invasion of Lebanon in its raw, physical and moral virginity squared down to the threatening image glimpsed through a narrow viewfinder. Enemy rockets and civilian deaths shake them. When 19-year-old gunner Shmuel fails to fire, fellow soldiers are killed. When he does fire, it's worse.

Shmuel's experiences are those of Maoz, now a tall, intense 43-year-old. Lack of opportunity in the tiny town, the industry, and the smell of青春 flesh that accompanied remembering the war, delayed his debut. Watching Israel's 2006 invasion of Lebanon on TV finally forced him to write. But the painful incomprehension when a woman asks him about his "representation of the Axis" after a screening before a mixed demonstration that Lebanon comes more from a survivalist place than political retortiveness. These are a transmuted male insecurities.

Maoz's vision only comes when he talks about films. "I saw *Apocalypse Now* when I came back. And I thought to myself, 'You catch the clause, you catch the machine of the war.' But when I started to write, I used to see Hiroshima, *Men Without Women* or *Blood Diamond*, or Chris Marker. There is no connection, but the feelings when I see them are like a metamorphosis. You feel the passion again, you believe in your story again. Because for me, the interesting process is to test cinematic language, to test it, to restore it."

When Maoz finally made *Lebanon*, the soldiers charged with giving him trauma to life were equally committed. "I know how to explain to the actor about the catastrophes, the heavy heart and the darkness, and I can use very beautiful words, and the can may have understanding, but he won't. So each actor was left alone in a small, dark, and very hot container for a few hours. Then we knocked on the container with rain pipes. This is very close to a癫痫 attack. So after the actors go out, you don't need to speak. When you want to tell a story of the living soul, you can't explain it through the head. If you feel, then you will understand. And if I didn't want the audience to think during the film. After the film, they can."

The director similarly shut down to survive his real war. "We certainly on you killing out of some clause, or because you are following orders, because a soldier is a normal person and a normal person cannot kill. Take a soldier, put him in a dangerous situation and he will start to kill, because our survival instinct is stronger than thinking. You can't tell yourself that now because of some ethical clause, I will stop thinking. I need that is all the wars, most of the soldiers that die, die in the first or second day they take part. Because you are thinking. For example, in Lebanon the order

was, 'Every movement is a target, shoot at the balcony! So it could be someone with a missile, and it could be a family. From time to time, someone with a missile will need a get to run in front of him. So if you are thinking here, boom, you are dead.'

But the war's moral anesthetic wore off. "Suddenly, you find that you are back home in the streets of Tel Aviv, no one is trying to hurt you any more. Your survival instinct just to pack away. You don't want them to, because you feel safe. You feel something in the back of your head. Some kind of information that you don't want to deal with. This is the crash. When suddenly you understand that you killed people. I remember that I thought to myself, 'It wasn't me there. It was someone else.' But you have to live with it in the end. Because there is no other choice."

His account invites comparison with the Nazi officers who routinely said they were "just following orders", but an big question is being blamed, the director cuts in. "Listen, I will tell you – I have a responsibility. That's the problem. Okay, maybe I could say that I fell into a no-way-out situation. But I was there. There was the record that my finger pulled the trigger, and I feel responsible and I feel guilty, and I will feel guilty until the end of my life."

Lebanon and its international acceptance – winning Venice's Golden Lion and London's BFI/BFI award – has made it fragilely possible for Maoz to live with the past that the film plays out with such force. "If I met you four, five years ago, we could talk, and I could never mention it. From the end of the war until Venice, I didn't have tears in my eyes. Just in Venice, after the official screening, people stood up and for 20 minutes I saw in front of my young people and old people looking at me, and suddenly after 28 years, I felt the tears again. And ever since, I'm like a baby. But I didn't do the film for that. It was something that I earned along the way, because I started talking about it."

Maoz film with enthusiasm as he thinks of his future. "It's interesting – in your room you can move from side to side, you can lie on the floor, but in a tank, you don't have any choice than to go forward. But now after Venice the choices is big, and the opportunities. I learned that the limits are a kind of blessing. Maybe that's one of the reasons that usually you see with known directors, after about three films, they get the money, and they stop thinking."

The man whose mind was crushed to be a soldier now has the opposite responsibility. "I keep reminding myself that I need to think, I need to think, I need to think..."

Check out the full transcript online in the week of release.



LEBANON

After Asif Iqbal's supine *Waltz With Bashir* comes another Israeli film set in the chaos and carnage of the 1982 Lebanon war. And like that earlier acclaimed effort, Samuel Maoz's *Lebanon* has bold claims to innovation and authenticity. Unlike Iqbal's masterpiece, however, they don't always ring true.

Based on the director's own experience as a rank gunner in the war, *Lebanon* unfolds from the dismally horrific perspective of four common soldiers inside the steel guts of their machine. And here Maoz's cameras will stay reflecting the blood and metaphorical breakdowns of those young men, and amplifying the terror of a scarcely seen war.

The tank itself is drawn with an almost organic physiology. Oil and water run in kibbutz, leaking steamingly from metal pipes and pooling in the dark bowels of the

hulk, mixing with the sweat and tears of the crew. Self-consciously shot on actor, Lebanon does everything in its power to strip up the atmosphere. Almost every shot is a close-up – unconvincing shadows illuminated by eyes that appear shockingly white in the gloom.

But having established that bold premise – a war film that rejects the familiar tenets of the genre, a personal study of a political conflict – Maoz proceeds to cheat his way around those reservations. His camera may never leave the tank's dark interior, but by using the gun barrel as an extension he allows himself sufficient wriggle room to introduce light amidst the shades, and offer the film an element that is doesn't really need.

Because here after all is the predictable parade of war movie clichés: the bomb-blattered rats, the traumatised civilians, the tragic-

happy soldiers. Yes, there is an homage to the way that Mischka reinvigorated the term as a cinema, transforming an object of destruction into one of creation, but the end result serves only to undermine his film's most interesting content.

There are the banalized gore stage plays in Lebanon, where the temptation to think visually wouldn't compromise the dismally horrific narrative. But even then the film's screenplay would have to be radically improved. For all that, those events are based on personal experience, Maoz has conjured the kind of archetypes to mimic his story.

War is hell in which young men are sent to die for a cause they neither believe in nor understand. Maozion turns violence, and horror, into an inevitable Hootie. These are the lessons of Lebanon, just as they are the lessons

of every war film from the last 20 years. Lessons that were taught with infinitely more subtlety and nuance in *Waltz With Bashir*.

Maoz has taken the most important event of his life and coupled it with a genre that only to make a film that, although sincerely felt, is both underhanded and disingenuous. Though technically ingenious and daringly conceived, Lebanon has nothing new to add to the dialogue of war cinema. Matt Boehm

Lebanon, a war film with a difference. Rating of the 2009 Leo de best film at Berlin in 2009.

Reservoir Dogs don't let it out on the 10.25.09 beyond the confines of the tank, and will find nothing new to say.

In Captivity, a strange mix of the true and the fake.



GREENBERG

Robbie Greenberg (Ben Stiller) has issues. He's pushing 40 but never really settled down. His freshman dreams squandered on the folly of youth, Greenberg's life has unfolded through a succession of tentative, bumpy steps towards discontentment. As an out-of-work carpenter finds from a stretch in a psychiatric hospital following a nervous breakdown, Greenberg spends his days scrabbling aimlessly to comprise a shambolic life and generally putting the world to rights.

Returning to LA to house-sit for his bumbling brother, Greenberg at least has re-stated the mission he never really had when he left the coop for New York 15 years earlier. Locking up old acquaintances, however, merely amplifies Greenberg's self loathing, which he manufactures with an unconsciously callousness demeanour that his mischievous attitude can't fool anyone. The simple truth is, this isn't how he's been mapped out.

In a bid to move off his screen, Greenberg decides to teach in the tradition of his bachelorhood and finds his cross-older crushes on his brother's young assistant Florence (Greta Gerwig). Appropriately cagey with an unknown, girl next door charm, Florence reciprocates Greenberg's avowed advances, but his hand grenade compensations quickly rotters her reserve toes. As Florence prudently puts it, "Hurt people hurt people."

And Greenberg hurt people. Whether it's Florence or default best friend and former bandmate Ivan (Pjotr Mifflin), he seems perpetually blind to the misery he inflicts on those closest to him. But the more he hurts the more Greenberg begins to realize that Florence might just be the solution he's been looking for.

Although it's been a while since he's turned up in anything with this much dramatic heft,

Stiller is a safe choice in the lead. Assuredly increasing the chip from *Chasing Tailor*'s shoulder, Stiller's schizophasic performance rests heavily on a script laced with witticisms, wry humour and even a few more meaty ones for comedy, lighting his greying, muted hair and dark eyes with a sharp, pretty standard. But the balance between laughing with and at him has been well struck, at least.

If *The Squid and the Whale* and *Mirrors* or *The Wedding* were human at their respective portraits of a family in decay, then *Greenberg* represents something of a departure for Baumbach. Sprawling, his brand of character blundering, into an intimate dissection of one man's misbegotten path of self-dependence, Baumbach misconstrues his audience to embrace Greenberg's shortcomings and all. It's not an easy sell, but with a acerbicized Gerwig as the grounding force in this unlikely but believable

match-up, you can't help but want to him.

Claire Danes bathes in warmth of the strength of the Stiller/Gerwig dynamic and in such he's refreshingly including an otherwise sure-handed supporting cast, Jennifer Jason Leigh (as Mrs Baumbach) and rumbleking Mark Duplass appear only briefly while a lackluster Rhys Ifans is underplayed as Greenberg's all-too-complex sister of reason. Ultimately Greenberg will be judged on a script which, in an substitution of aspy adorability for sharp, biting banter, may well see Baumbach win over the critics. **Adam Woodward**

Adapted. Spicy and cynical or malleable and the most mordant? **⊕**

Badged. For a film that fails deliberately doesn't do much. *Greenberg* is surprisingly affecting. **⊕**

In Retrospect. Baumbach grows up and suggests he's getting better with age. **⊕**



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HOT TUB TIME MACHINE

TIME TRAVEL LAUGHS EASY
COURTESY OF HOT TUB TIME MACHINE

The biggest joke in the flashback comedy *Hot Tub Time Machine* is an ongoing running gag about the movie itself. This is not bullshit; it's the fact from the corner of every frame, from every reference, every dick joke and every outlandish blowjob, "That's a good kind of bullshit."

Look at Craig Robinson's Nick, the oddly black hairbrushed in a three-pack of hairy something everyone who is whisked back in time to an Aspen-like pleasure village in 1986 after one fateful night in a marginal hot tub. When the peeing drops and Nick realizes that he and friends Adam (John Cusack) and Lou (Rob Corddry) have inside the time jump, he stares first at the hot tub, then back up to cameras and announces developments to the peeing audience. "It must be some kind of... hot tub time machine." It's a nice line but its fourth-wall delivery is also the reason for a movie whose emotional intensity in that four hours up has been insidiously steadily uneven one-timers across a late-night ledger. See what you will about *The Hangover*, but at least it had structure. At least it felt like a actual movie.

Whereas *Hot Tub Time Machine* is wholly built around Nick's knockout line and lead screenwriter Jeff Hordley had imagined that one single sentence in a moment of inspiration and decided to stick an entire narrative to it — with scenes, characters and gags all clearly applied like so many thin slabs of blue cheese on a double

For instance? Nick and co. are given a new addition called Jacob (Clark Duke), who is Adam's nephew and who seems to exist solely to make jokes about the absence of a real and testing in

the '80s, and as a sop to a younger audience demographic. And then Chevy Chase pops up because he's like, no, 80s and because, well, the movie doesn't really have a story — so Chevy gives us one by being the reason his tub experience who tells our heroes that they only have 24 hours before they go back to 2010, and that they have to napoly that can right exactly as they experienced it in 1986 or face some dire consequences that the movie isn't really interested in exploring because it's clearly never going to happen. And then there's Crippen (Grover), floating around the bar/land of nearly every scene as a saucy bartender, um, he was in shock in the future.

Which would have been fine if the movie really knew its apples and related as "less is more." But Hordley was only nine years old in 1986, and his fond for the era is currently not mature. Instead, the decade-in-reckoning *Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates*, a few shots of *Grease*, and Ronald Reagan on TV.

Just occasionally there are moments that resonate. When Cusack, for instance, assumes his flashback girlfriend that he's not going to make it big in the future, there is a brief but powerful lesson of cross-decades recognition — an awareness that the actor never quite fulfilled his '80s promise. And then, as soon as it comes, it's gone, and it's back to blindingly inappropriate. Kevin Maher

Anticipation: You like *Funny Games*?

Expected: For jokier, funnier jokes. (See also *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*.)

In Requiem: This year's *The Hangover* is aspiration alone.

EDDIE MARSAN: EAST LONDON SON

INTERVIEW BY ADAM WOODWARD

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY

EDDIE MARSAN

- The Inbetweeners (2010) (uncredited)
- Shirkers (2010)
- We and They (2009)
- Happy-Go-Lucky (2008)
- War Horse (2011)
- The Love Witch (2014)
- Sex and Death (2015)
- 20 Graves (2016)
- Keep Off the Grass (2017)
- Baptist #1 (2018)

"I'm not a violent person," says Eddie Marsan. "I'm not tough at all, but I come from a part of London that's very violent; that has a history of violent people."

Marsan may have embraced an array of roles since making the transition from television to film a decade ago, but his ability to stir and move audiences has earned him settle into the realms of silver screen villainy. "Where his lesser, snappier performances evince a certain onscreen persona, however, off, a Marsan's an altogether more laid-back fella: a warmly spoken family man with an instant if unassuming charisma.

Born to a working-class family in East London in the late 1960s, Marsan openly admits chafing at his hardened background in recent years. "Because of where I come from, I'm used to seeing people express themselves in a very particular manner through violence and rage," he says. "But the upside of that is I've also seen the sadness and the resilience that these people feel. It's a part of me that knows rage and violence, but also knows the sadness it brings, the both sides of the same coin, really."

It's this double-headed identity that permeates Marsan's latest role, as thuggish, patty-critical Vic in J. Blakeson's feature debut, *The Disappearance of Alice Creed*. Vic, like Scott in Mike Leigh's *Happy-Go-Lucky*, is a bally blar. But as Marsan affirms, he's also more measured. "You think Vic is a horrible, incredibly violent man, but by the end of the film you realise what his true motivations are: You sympathise with him and start to relate to him on a much more personal level." He continues, "With the name is Happy-Go-Lucky at the beginning, you think Scott's a cunt, but by the end of the film you realise he's just, only, and he hasn't really come to terms with how to handle that."

While Vic may be a familiar character, Marsan's no one-trick cockney in 10 years in the industry. Marsan's versatility has seen him slay numerous queens in a variety of home-grown features and Hollywood blockbusters, returning to television to star in *Little Child* and last year's *Red Riding Trilogy*. While the aforementioned ensemble piece placed Marsan amongst the cream of British acting, however, *Alice Creed* is considerably more intense, with Marsan acting as a foil to two emerging young talents.

Working alongside Maria Campbell and Gemma Arterton, Marsan related his position as the senior cast member: although at times he admits it was difficult not to feel like age. "I felt bloody old. Especially when we had to do scenes where I took my kit off and I saw Martin had been down the

gyn, the barbers. We had great fun though," he adds. "It was a short shoot but it was quite intense as it was important that we all get on. Martin and Gemma are two great young actors, and I'm a dad with three kids. So when we finished shooting for the weekend they'd be talking about what they were up to or what club they were going to and I'd be planning my trip home to go and spend time with my kids."

In charting family life, Marsan has always appreciated the support of those closest to him, which he says has long been a driving force in his pursuit of acting. "I learnt how to act in front of two or three people, and one of them was my mum. I was always very grateful for that. In many ways, it made me who I am."

His onscreen darkness may well be a reflection of his character, but even more so, it's a sign of his heart's upbringing. "It's not just Marsan's roots that keep him grounded, however. From East End to West Coast and back, he's been and experienced enough to allow him to take stock of what really matters. "Marsan's got the film world mapped and he makes no bones about telling it like it is. "There are a lot of people in this industry with more ambition than ability, and more ambition than experience," he says. "This industry is full of a lot of people, some I've met 'em, that talk a lot of bullshit and when they get to make a film, and get the money to make a film, it's a load of old bollocks. They've got the cash but they don't know what the fuck to do with it. They don't know the trade. They get a lot of money, you Soho House and tell everyone they're a filmmaker. It's bollocks."

With such a forthright perspective, it's no surprise that Marsan is planning on returning to theatre before appearing in Wilson Monahan's *Looseleaf Boulevard* later in the year. His career firmly set on following in the footsteps of the likes of Jim Broadbent and Timothy Spall, two thespians Marsan openly looks up to. "That's the dream to do what they do, to be where they are in their careers."

From experience, however, Marsan knows success doesn't come easy. "I acted every pub in London before I started really getting anywhere," he recounts, "so I know I've got some way to go yet." While Marsan's future looks set to flourish, for now he's for sure concerned with taking things as they come rather than wasting time contemplating it. "I'm sure it'll come one way or another. It always does."

Check out the full transcript online in the week of release.



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE CREED



Launching head-on into an atmospheric opening sequence, *The Disappearance of Alice Creed* sets up its premise with sobering precision, as two unidentified crooks silently and systematically prepare for the most calculated of crimes. In an abandoned, nondescript hotel, windows are boarded, walls are foam-padded and doors are bolted shut. Every last inch of the isolated apartment is probed, soundproofed and doubly secured, every possible exit point sealed off.

Cut to a suburban neighbourhood street where our masked double agents are seen in unmarked cars, and compose themselves, breaking their silence to run through their meticulous plan one last time. In a fit of efficient frugality the pair gag and gag a young woman and hurry her back to her makeshift prison where she is stripped, re-ated in a crushed-purple一棵 and cuffed to each corner of a bed.

Face-to-face with her kidnappers for the first time, Alice Creed (Gemma Arterton) barely aquautes out the first question anyone would ask in her situation. But Alice knows why she's here; she's a daddy's girl from a rich family and thus a prime target for ransom.

Not long from incarceration, our now-named m-cos (Anton Yelchin and Danny (John) Connolly) and determined to follow their scheme through to the bitter end. But as the heat est away and the arranged swap approaches, their malevolent pride to victory and promotion. With Alice growing increasingly antsy-needed, and refusing to play the part of passive hostage, a battle of wills and wits unfolds that flips the film on its axis.

Like any kidnapping caper, it's not long before a hitch or two disrupts the duo's thorough planning, but rather than play out

in a predictably frenzied fashion, *Alice Creed* evolves into a delicately poised character study. Developing into a furious dog-eat-dog affair, you'll be left questioning as to who will prevail right up until the film's volatile final act.

J Blakson has concocted a refreshingly original crime drama, although the director is certainly keen to exhibit a debt of gratitude to the more prominent forebears of the genre. Like *Reservoir Dogs*, the low-budget British thriller is all about the upshots. The audience's only vantage point of the situation is a quite literally a breakfast one, as Alice is bundled into the back of a hired minivan.

Similarly, the film's single location setting becomes a catalytic focus of its crux. As the claustrophobic character dynamics become progressively more fractured, the sylvatic confinement of Repulsion and The Shining is knowingly added to

Although relatively economical, Blakson's feature debut still has a lot of time to fill between switching and revisiting its own equilibrium. But a couple of shrewdly deployed narrative splits and three nicely coded performances ensure that this is no straightforward blackmail cocktail.

Alice Creed is by no means a genre changer, but however familiar its premise, and despite the inevitability of its conclusion, Blakson's intelligent screenplay and a freight control three-way makes for enthrallingly tense viewing. Adam Woodward

Anticipation: Scrutinise the sub-py sub-py tactic.

Engagement: Job well done from a promising young director.

Information: More July British reviewing at its best.



LETTERS TO JULIET



The similarities with *Mamma Mia!* are obvious. Amanda Seyfried? Check. Meryl Streep? *Setting?* Check. A mathless adherence to chick flick conventions? *That* too. Yet there's one big difference. *Where Mamma Mia!* paged its credits with the ring-a-long effervescence of Alfa, *Letters To Juliet* has no such fun. Meryl and co thought they were in *passio*. This far think they're in *Shakespeare*.

Seyfried stars as Sophie, a New Yorker holidaying in Verona with her chef fiancé (Gael García Bernal). There she discovers Juliet's Square – a tacky tourist courtyard supposedly the setting for Romeo and Juliet's balcony scene. It's also where tourists

regularly leave letters for the tragic heroine, asking for advice.

When Sophie hobby-sellably heads off on a culinary tour, Sophie unwittingly in the square further finding an ancient letter hidden behind a brick. The note is from an English girl, Claire (Vanessa Redgrave), once romanced by a local but who went back home instead of marrying him. Determined to re-create the now-pastor's noteless, Sophie writes back, leading to Claire's belated return to Verona, along with snooty godson Charlie (Christopher Egan). The search begins for long-lost Romeo.

Letters To Juliet is universally terrible. Where it could have been romantic, it's clearly Where it

could have been tragic; it's more like an ad for Dolmio. Leaving no microscope unturned, from nearby Italian loafers to litany Catholic grandmothers casting about homespun ratiocinative the film tries its audience like ideas. While the Meryl poem is pretty – Sophie in her slip dresses twirling around the Veronese countryside in a Fiat 500 calendar – the script's endless exposition is pug ugly.

Being operatic, maybe that has a little art cult slice of acknowledging camp trash. Its release date also plays into the hands of bored World Cup viewers. It's a wasted opportunity for fun though.

Seyfried acts like she's passed out on Isonceto in a role even Kate Hudson would have turned

down. As糙猛的Claire, Vanessa Redgrave is like a mad old lost wandering around the supermarket aisles in her nightie. Both pale however, compared to former *Home and Away* star Christopher Egan. Playing snooty Charlie, his accent comparable only to nailing down a blackboard, his predictable and excruciating transformation from pug to character makes Pierce Brosnan's singing of "SOS" suddenly seem like poetry. **James Kang**

Autopilot. *Mamma Mia!* rocks. *The Aristocats*? **Not.**

Biggest. Idiots. **0**

In Retrospect. Rom-com fans are forced to eat takes. **0**

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THE TIME THAT REMAINS



If Elias Salomon wrote a *Shrek* he can't be too think that he'd make one hell of a political cartoonist. If you squint, you can almost make out the missile speech bubbles filled with dryly humorous barbs within his masterfully choreographed, dead-pan composition.

Out from the same cloth as his 2002 narration on the possibility of love between geographic borders, Dovre Immerman, this latest work signs taken very seriously with the almost cultural division within his birthplace of Neustadt, although this time he's shifted his focus from the present to look back to the past.

Based on this new film on clotes his father kept during his dying days, Salomon tells the story of the last 60 years of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict through the eyes of his

own family and the surrounding community.

Repeating a comfortable narrative sweep in favour of presenting fragments of action across the entire six decades, the film opens on the story of his father, Raoul (Saleh Bakri), a ruthless gun-smoker who nobly stands up against the invading Israeli armies as they gag, bind and torture his son for his alleged sedition. As Salomon explores the various townfolk react to the incursion, the first segment lays down the context of brutal antagonism that paves the way for the remainder of the film.

Flitting forward to a '70s of turgid, soft-feminism, the Salomons now have a son, Elias who is finding it tough to suppress his anxieties about Ameri-

canism, much to the consternation of his housemate, Paul, too. He's forced to deal with his neighbour's repeated threats to set himself on fire, as well as constant harassment by the Israeli army over his 'unconventional' fishing trips.

The 60-odd mins of the scene with Elias now a young firebreeder and his pal, father grudgingly accepting of his lot. This segment also contains the film's best line, spoken by his elderly mom inuring with wistfully conversing with Paul. "This is my son. He's fucked every mother in the village. I fucked his mother."

The director himself crops up in the final (and best) chapter, which starts in the present, where he is charged with caring for his dying mother while watching in alien assessment as the politically fragile

landscape explodes before her.

Like Kauffman and Roy Anderson, Salomon's approach to humour is something of an acquired taste. With *The Time That Remains*, even those who have acquired it will find some gags he home more forcefully than others. While there's no denying that this is a passionate and intelligent piece of filmmaking, one wonders how many more critics this adonaymotic template can serve Salomon's cinematic needs. *Allen Much*

Anticipation. It's been eight years since his comedy hit, *Dovre Immerman*. ❶

Engagement. A bit and maddening but an ultimately acoustic one. ❷

In Retrospect. Also its neither as focused nor captivating as its previous two. ❸

BLACK DEATH

"There's nothing beautiful or uplifting in resurrecting people to God," says John Lynch's Wolfram at the conclusion of *Black Death*. And the same is true of the most spattered, bloodied splattered, corpse-strewn film itself.

That is the fourteenth-century painted in shades of death and suffering. The plague is sweeping through Europe, sending the Church into a spasm of religious violence. Hearing of a village that has remained unaffected, and promising the work of the devil, a town of marchion's has her men sent to investigate, led by Sean Bean's vicious Ulrich, but guided by a novice monk, Olafur,



played by Eddie Redmayne.

Both men have ulterior motives – Ulrich to do God's bloody work, Demand to keep an assignation with a young woman – and it is their clash – between old and young, innocence and corruption, pity and humanity – that finally is at the heart of the drama.

After our cut-throat crusades have murdered their way to the village, however, they find compassion in the form of Langour (Conor von Hoesel), a lady in Ulrich's bed and under whose beguiling influence the film takes a welcome

left turn into the truly unexpected.

It's fair to say that the shadow of *Monty Python* hangs unashamedly over *Black Death*, recalling *The Holy Grail* in scenes of peasants wallowing in mud or carts of the dead being wheeled through the streets. But to director Christopher Smith's credit, these echoes are deserved out by the handheld urgency of his own film, which otherwise has more in common with the execrable pagan horror of *The Wicker Man*.

Despite occasionally succumbing to the potential ("It's a charred

these villages are beyond death in my group"), Dame Felicity's script is a rough-mangled examination of the politics of faith that maintains an admirable ambiguity towards a cleric in which "God is restored through fury and vengeance". Matt Bochenski

Anticipation: Horror director Dan Arias' *Anticipation* sounds like a game title. 1

Enjoyment: Religious drama and despotism. Fan fare for the family. 2

Is It Refreshing? Deaf and dirty entertainment. 3

PIMP

STANLEY KUBRICK

Sitting somewhere between Ken Russell's *Whore* and an episode of *The Bill*, Robert Connolly's first stab at feature directing puts a documentary crew on the tail of underworld enforcer Woody (Cavannah Journeay) as he plays HR manager to a gaggle of Soho working girls.

But Woody isn't your average pimp: he writes poetry and hangs modern art on the walls of his apartment. He has depth. Only in the ring of people milking and abusing slavery, Woody can't help letting his feelings get in the way. When a beautiful Chinese immigrant with a kidnapped son comes under his watch, things rapidly slide out of control.

Connolly uses the documentary crew as a device to get inside an otherwise closed world.



Except, when the doc format isn't working, it's quickly packed away or replaced with footage shot on far fetchet microdot cameras which nevertheless pass and frame shots like a top-notch second-unit DOP. Which begs the question, why bother with the whole documentary McGuffin in the first place?

Other incoherencies make themselves felt. The Soho setting is one that would only be familiar to someone who last visited London for Charles and Diana's wedding. But this is markedly 2010, as evidenced by surveillance technology and the rise of Chinese gangsters.

Their attempt to take over the Soho flesh trade is wheeled on whenever the plot lags (frequently), and occasionally provides something close to entertainment. There's even a suspicion that the director may be referencing *The Long Good Friday* in his portrayal of the criminal elements of a rising, global power greedily eyeing London's black economy. But if so, it's not and that's completely undermined in the final reel.

There is a banal believability and incisive power to *Woody*, with designer Billy Boyd, add a hawking Dwanye Dyer (scripting it

up) and rape in former boxer Terry Marsh for a cameo – and you have a film that's both breathtakingly crass and uninterestingly hairy without ever being engaging or interesting. Although, oddly, Connolly is actually rather good. Paul Parfitt

Anticipation: Terry Dyer is wearing a three-piece suit in the poster. Is this the moment he sounds his song? 1

Enjoyment: Smart, if a predictably crass. It requires a follower with collective mentality. 2

Is It Refreshing? Who do we have to sleep with to stop these films getting made? 3



WILD GRASS

STORY

MOVIES



ROOM AND A HALF

STORY

MOVIES

Now in his late eighties, treasured Marseillais *Véga* director Alain Resnais has conjured *Wild Grass*, a comic, economic love story of sorts between two sufferers of a real-life eros. The film acted as the prelude to a lifetime achievement award at last year's Cannes Film Festival. It is fairly close to what you'd expect from a remnant of France's enlaged cinema movement – a languorous capsule of a film, peaced of an idiosyncrasy and with a wim of creative dross. With uneventfully narration, the humour here is slightly muted and with a subversive edge winking from interesting and seductive to expensively cutesome. But *Wild Grass* is a causal fling of converses but finely tuned creative muscles that playfully demand reverence. Tim Seymour ★★★

Award-winning animator Andrey Kharlamovskiy's *Room And A Half* imagines the return of Nobel laureate Joseph Brodsky to the motherland he fled in 1972. Herding the poet's trip back to the USSR of the '80s and early '90s with biographical details from his colourful life. Using an imaginative mix of live action, animation and documentary material, Kharlamovskiy depicts the older Brodsky (Grigory Dreydenko) as he recalls his idyllic childhood in a small Leningrad apartment. Later, the director turns the fledgling writer's exposure to a wider world of language until the repressive nature of the Soviet Union begins to crystallise thoughts of exile. *Room And A Half* offers an inventive and intimate portrait both of a great artist and of the post-Second World War Soviet world. Jason Wood ★★★



REVANCHE

STORY

MOVIES



THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN

STORY

MOVIES

Revenge is a dish best served slowly and methodically in Götz Spielmann's study of greed andtribution. The film focuses on a stranded prostitute and her pim-pam lover. Alex (Johannes Risch), who attempts to extract some sort of payback on the policeman responsible for his partner's death. Spielmann avoids clichés, coming in something far more thoughtful and far less conventional. Adopting a precise and measured approach to an age-old theme, *Revanche* makes for a beguiling, if slightly overlong, journey to the dark side. Adored by a stellar performance from Risch and an exceptional ensemble cast, *Revanche* is a beautifully crafted psychological thriller that should firmly place Götz Spielmann on the world cinema map. Lee Griffiths ★★★

In 2004, a young French woman became an overnight media sensation when she claimed to have been set upon by six men in a malicious anti-Semitic assault on a train outside Paris. But her reign as a nation's heroine was ultimately short lived, as her son clothes seyed her and swotlike tattered body were revealed to be self-inflicted. Within the effervescent Emile Desjardins as the eponymous filcher, *The Girl on the Train* seeks to de-romanticise the true story of a lie by turning a salacious story into an incisive personal story. Technical spellbinding woyseid glows over the greater issue of France's rampant anti-Semitism, but never deplorably so. It's an ill-fated journey for our protagonist, perhaps, but that doesn't make it any less upbeat. Adèle Woodward ★★★



A BOY CALLED DAD

A Boy Called Dad is the debut film from Brian Perché. As suggested by the title, it follows Robbie (Kyle Ward), a 14-year-old unwilling father. This is 'Broken Britain' in which all the elements of conventional social realism are present – and yet it can't just look like. Shot adroitly and overhauling Leone-esque close-ups with long tracking shots of the various urban and rural locations, the film prioritises the ambiguity of emotional ties over expository melodrama. But, regrettably, the narrative forms in all too familiar patterns (after *Pat Rock*, *Walkers* now seems the place to escape to if you're the down-and-downer teenager in a kitchen sink drama). No matter – committed performances and confident direction provide further proof that our national cinema is in rude health. **Tom Seymour** **★★★**



THE MILK OF SORROW

Franzia (Magaly Solier), a timid young Peruvian woman, presides over the death of her mother in the dusty suburbs of Lima, Peru. Believing herself cursed with the older woman's 'Frightened Eye' – her mother was raped by Shining Path guerrillas and passed her fear and pain on to her daughter through her breast milk – *Franzia* has remained closed off from the world. Anxious in company and terrified of being alone, she is nevertheless forced to meet the forces in an own screen. With its bloodily splashed setting, mournful pacing and lonely, bruised characters, there might not be time to mark this Spanish-Peruvian effort out from the art-house pack, but it evokes into a striking work of shattering ambiguity that details a grieving society slowly coming to terms with its past. **Adam Lee Davies** **★★★**



FURRY VENGEANCE

Furry Vengeance is an anarchic comedy with an eco-derailment. Brendan Fraser stars as an unenlightened property developer set the task of turning a nature reserve into prime real estate. A band of woodland critters instigate a campaign of terror and humiliation against him with increasingly sadistic relish. Of course he has an epiphany after all the torture and mayhem and sets out to right his wrongs. There's plenty of scatological humour and pathos from a game cast. Sophoclean it isn't, but there are some decent visual gags and Fraser is good fun as the man at war with nature. Director Roger Kumble used to bring much more vulgar material, bring his puerile sense of humour to proceedings. Young ones will enjoy the animal shenanigans. **Martyn Crook** **★★★**



ONE NIGHT IN TURIN

James Eastman's table of the England football team's near-glory at Italia '90 makes much of context – the fluctuating fortunes of the national side providing a tonic to a weak economy and unrest and an unpopular government. But England never quite captures the brutal intensity and tribal appeal of the beautiful game. If it didn't, an obviously lovable Gary and Bobby Robson, if it was more measured in its characterisations of the upper press and Whistleblowers, if it was less beholden to the hypedbole that football unites and less willing to appraise the relentless circle, then *One Night in Turin* could have been a real tribute. Unfortunately, a bit like Steve McQueen's this film may have been doomed from the get-go. **Tom Seymour** **★★★**

CHAPTER FIVE
IN WHICH WE
DISCUSS
THE MEDIUM
OF FILM
IN ITS MANY
MESMERISING
FORMS

THE
BACK SECTION 29





WITHNAIL

PHOTOGRAPHER
MURRAY CLOSE
REVISITS HIS
WORK ON THE
SET OF BRUCE
ROBINSON'S
SEMINAL
1987 COMEDY
WITHNAIL & I.



Murray Close has stalked the sets of some of the world's most famous movies. He's worked with the likes of Stanley Kubrick, Al Pacino, Steven Spielberg, Marlene Dietrich, Sean Penn, Dennis Hopper, David O. Russell and Alfonso Cuarón. But you won't catch him with cameras.

Because Murray Close is the man behind the camera. In fact as the on-set photographer, he's the man behind the man behind the cameras, bringing back beyond the film crew, capturing the creative process for posterity.

In 1987 he prided up in Cambridge with a merry band of filmmakers to shoot a small-scale comedy about two out-of-work actors. Without it I turned out to be a British classic, and it's partly because of Close's pictures that the film is as dandy and vividly remembered.

As he prepares to open a special exhibition of his art and behind-the-scenes photography at Royal Chelsea, we caught up with Close to re-live the past.

LW&L *What are your overriding memories of the time you spent on the set of *Withnail & I*?*

Close What was immediately apparent was how it really did seem to be a bunch of complete filmmakers on a mission and a big cottage there was just a pile of snow in the Lake District. My upbringing as all of this was with Stanley Kubrick and The Shining so I was used to these

huge, slow-moving behemoths. Suddenly I was with all these crazy people running around.

LW&L *Was working on such a small film change your style?*

Close It gives you little input – because there's fewer people there. There's less layers of institution that you've got to go through. If you've got ideas for something you can go straight to the actors and ask and they'll go, 'Oh sure let's do it', rather than going through producers. The opportunity was very refreshing.

LW&L *Do you think there's any correlation between getting great photographs and having a sense of the film being any good?*

Close Unfortunately not. I mean, I've worked on films that have been incredibly creative and happy experiences with great visual images and it's very frustrating for me when the film goes straight to hell and I've got a load full of beautiful photographs but I can't tell anyone because they laugh. It all starts with the script – no one knew that *Withnail & I* was going to be iconic, but what we did know was that the script was exceptional.

LW&L *What are you fundamentally trying to achieve when you're on set?*

Close I'm trying to portray the tone of the emotion of the script, and I'm trying to get the director's

vision in a photograph. If I don't do that then I've failed. Now in addition to that I am looking to create historical behind-the-scenes images of the film being made because you don't know you're working on a *Withnail & I* until 20 years later and then it's just like, 'Every film, you've got to generate a *Withnail*'. There could be the most famous photographs I ever take in 20 years time.

LW&L *Is it easier to get a good picture of an actor on set than it is in the studio?*

Close Dustin Hoffman is a great example of that. Dustin will give you great behind-the-scenes pictures, but he hates having his photograph taken. Actors are happier being photographed discussing something or being interviewed in some way but they don't like posing. I sometimes have to dress them as if I'm a director.

LW&L *But if you're doing that then aren't you photographing the character and not the person?*

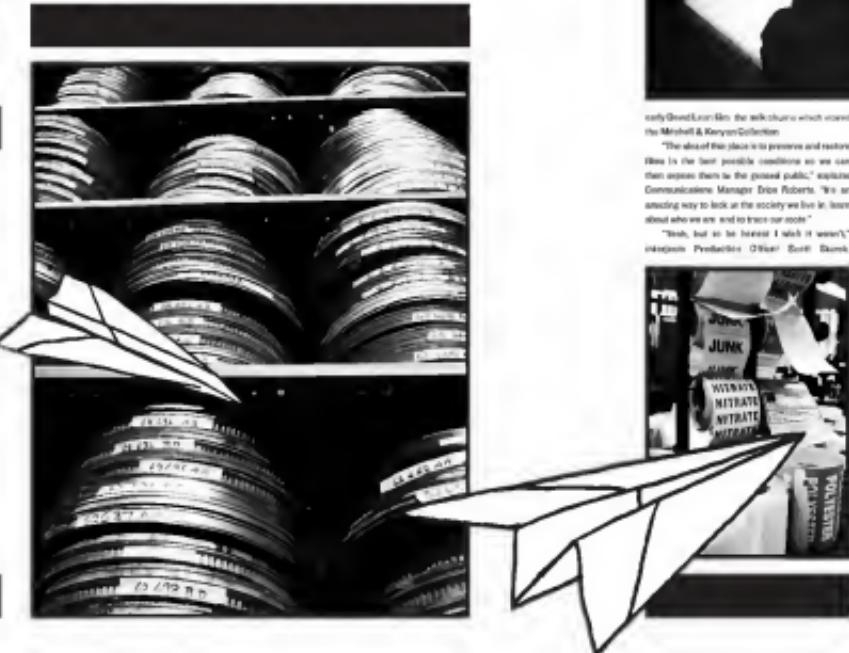
Close That's what I'm there to do. If they want Dustin Hoffman as Dustin Hoffman, they'll go to *Victory* Fair or *Allo Allo* and shoot Dennis Hopper at home with his espresso machine. If you want Dustin Hoffman in character that's what my job **IS**.

WITHNAIL & I *THE EXHIBITION* (TATE MODERN, LONDON) 10 JULY-15 SEPTEMBER 2013. £10.00. 020 7887 8000.



LIVING HISTORY

LWLIES GETS A TOUR OF THE BFI ARCHIVE AHEAD OF THE INSTITUTION'S SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.



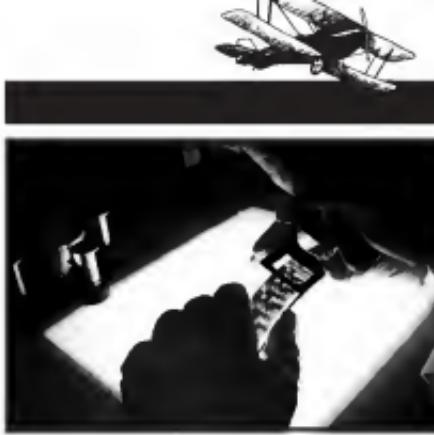
Tucked away in Isley Berkhamsted, 20 miles to the northwest of the South Bank, is the world's largest film collection. Here, in dusty case files in a system of dizzying complexity is the BFI Archive, containing enough film to stretch around the world and back again. "It's strange that the entire nation's cinema heritage is stored away in what looks like mirrored aircraft hangars. Mirrored kind of invisible in a way," says David Poulton, BFI archivist.

Performing, talking or caught unawares, the half-millennium stories of countless people are here in rolls of cellulose acetate covered in scratches. Consequently a file of the 100,000 titles are taken from their metal case, slowly unspooled and allowed to Unwind again. "For us, our job is about telling stories that have been allowed

to vanish," Poulton explains.

The archive was transferred to the Hertfordshire town in 1955 to avoid another Fire of London (calculated storage as featured in *Ingmar Bergman's Hypnotic* to be especially flammable). The millions of spools—some 100,000 works of film, 100,000 documentaries, seven million stills and over 20,000 posters

—there's an institutional audacity to the place, as if an old hospital has been invaded by a procession of poets, middle-aged shepherds, The Brodway Flirt, patterned lemons, oranges, nowhere names and the class are enthroned by previous memorable — an original poster from Powell and Pressburger's *Point of No Return* in 1944's *Gaslight* running on at



early 1940s *Gaslight*, the silk cushion which covered the Maribeth & Kenyon Collection

"The idea of this place is to preserve and restore film in the best possible condition so we can then expose them to the general public," explains Communications Manager, Eamon Roberts. "We are amazing way to look at the society we live in, learn about who we are and to trace our roots."

"Yeah, but to be honest I wish it wasn't," interjects Production Officer, Scott Sturz.



"Do you realize how damaging it is to put film through a projector? It's probably the worst thing you can do to it." As an archivist, I'm happy for these films to be stored away and never let projector near them."

Restoration is a delicate, precise process. For these canisters and canisters film isn't simply movies. Light, voices and music in a big warren. It is an art based in the restoration of celluloid and the restoration of stories, stories and silver reels. With an amazing dedication, every scratch, tear, blot and pop is removed by these craftsmen in nearly perfect in the BFI Archive, the luminous cellulose in an original print of *The Red Shoes* are replaced in the same frame as a youthful dancer dies.

Their latest work has been to restore the first ever production of *Allo! Allo!* (1982-1983). At the time, the BFI was the biggest producer in British film history. A classmate of mine donated an original print to the BFI but never had enough into the can and the acetate had bled.

"We took the original film and converted it at about twice the resolution of a high-definition television. Moreover, it's possible to clean up the picture at the stage before going [improving it in a sense]. But sometimes, you just have to film this off and again, you just have to ensure it is the physical physical as possible as it already had enough contact with Bipona," says Bryan Dines, Curator of Street Film. It took months of work to bring the 12-minute piece back from the dead, and it has now received more than 700,000 YouTube hits.

In rooms after rooms, machines work away and old stand side-by-side, still equally used. This is the child of art, voluntarily ageing, and in these unadorned offices of British eccentricity, the crop of the last great restoration project slowly turns. The journey through which a silver safety pin before it moves in front of us, as the BFI continues its birth, banking and conserving. **THE END**



A 1940s *MINER* (1940) film strip, one of the 150,000 titles of the BFI National Archive, sits in a display cabinet in the BFI's *Street Film* department. **THE END**



EXCERPT FINDERS KEEPERS



FIND ERS

KEEP ERS

1984

DIRECTED BY RICHARD LESTER STARRING MICHAEL O'KEEFE, BEVERLY D'ANGELO, LOUIS GOSSETT, JR., BOX, NOTABLES PROPERTY OF GRAND RAPIDS PUBLIC LIBRARY STAMP TAGLINE: FINDER KEEPERS — BUT BEWARE OF BAD LOSERS. TRAILERS DANCE WITH A STRANGER, JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY, TURK 182, AMERICAN BATTENBURG, CHERRYPICK, HOLLYWOOD'S JUST A PLAYGROUND FOR FAGS, FUCK-UPS AND VIBRATOR SALESMEN

PROVING

that the swaying realms of Ex Parte Hell and Ein Vier Heaven are bright but the same old, the gross and pretentious specimen that bodes these jugs with their respective big male members through a veritable haze of confusion second-guessing and each-bent phallos to produce a breakdown of unsatisfied joy that even high priced experts in love a small but permanent party-whore smudge on the unbreakable glass ceiling at Cinema Prague.

SCRAPING

every conceivable plot dimension and otherwise swashy staple from the bottom of the barrel. Richard Lester's exhilarating *Finder Keepers* is just such an entry, one that refuses to throw a bad light and scraps it may to be extremely dippy f*** with a one-two of total audience and a blank, ascertian humor that would have Samual Beckett squirming like a pig with a hard-on.



SET

in 1973 for some undisclosed reason, the film begins with Michael O'Keefe as impulsive and pre-tense skanking-fink rascal Miss Bangkok in the middle of seeking the female contingent of his rather dusty pack. Quite reasonably ticked off by the wretched lack of promise displayed by this entirely flexible opening scene, these bane-

AFTER

using all his grizzly know-how and silver-tongued dexterity to extricate himself from this domestic entanglement. (See Jan Impo!) Mike concludes that things might be about to get a little hot, and as passes his amanuensis east and confides digital to a full Army uniform replete with ranks of medals & scores of surprisingly accountable adventures later, he finds himself inexplicably plagued with securing the coffin of a dead Mouse back to the poor grann's growing family in New York by train.

AS

you will have already guessed, said Hugo draped him in, of course, studded with studded belt and as he used desperation to hell of drivers, grandfathered him to the last, but the bane of his existence. This time they make him bring beauty Beverly D'Angelo, informing Miss. Wilson, Patsy D'Angelo, and Louis Gossett Jr. as king of the chowder, Dorothy Millican, who invades otherwise through the plot with the remarkable plausibility of a Hindu one while dropping such sly and pretentious fortune cookie wisdoms as, "Never try to close the Eleven-Headed Colossal," and attempting to mix his hand up D'Angelo's trachea at every opportunity. Like a

monk's cowl, his appearance is both monastic and very past cool, and when he's over, a tiny piece of your soul flecks away.



IT

is to the Man's enormous credit that he's managed to hold the aftermath of *Gremlins*' underhanded swagger and confluence to travel along like a fat man just a solid bar into a mad stoked carvery of viscous, titillate, that's perfectly assembly by Brian Dennerly, whisking a smoking pipe the size of a cappuccino and a young Jim Carrey giving a few early Hollywood miscreants under his belt as drift drifter Lure Staton. The whole thing is then partitioned out actually as by *Superpong*, and served on a bed of radishes.

SO

why wasn't there more of these grabby gags? Why did the madding seamlessness of *Planes, Trains & Automobiles* and the big-budget *Death* pens of *The Blues Brothers* never eat such jaw-holding instances of ingeniously staged, paved to the-hilt cross-country insanity? What's up? How can it now? What was that angel to Highlifter all about? And where is the best? *Quinnies*, quitties, quitties, *QUINNIES*





CULT HERO

THOROLD DICKINSON

The cult that *Men* is about spans the studio-bound as freely as the American on the cutting circle link. *Men*, a lone figure scurries across the asphalt. He pulled line against the coming night. He takes the steps to the tall valve box of a new well, with a gash over his shoulder, goes key into the lock and vanishes up the door in one motion.

Inside, the wind and rain are a whisper. The man shuffles off his coat and finds familiar switches to ensure the sweat box of machinery. Presently, he takes three cans of film negative from the shelves and begins to copy them. It's 1941. The title is a moment of daylight you would have seen, and this was a strategy to distance Thorold Dickinson, the nearly-was of British cinema.

What catalysts/dreams brought this Oxford-educated dreamer's mind to the point of pinning his own film to the dead of night? Dickinson wasn't a failure, by the time the can credits rolled in 1942, he'd made nine features, British films, including *The Arsenal Stadium Mystery* (1940) and *The Queen of Spades* (1941), and written/toughed-out montages like never *The Mata Hari Story*. In the 1950s, he brought the study of film to students of the State School of Fine Art, training ground-breaking directors like Otto Preminger and the evocative Otto Preminger. But the blindingly lucid responsiveness Dickinson's movies exude and the comforting feelings of home over what might have been.

Dickinson had progressed in a few years from editing master-one-recruited like Glenn Miller (big as *Hi-De-Ho* [1934]) to directing his first film, *The High Command* (1936), a commercial masterpiece set among the Army tea boys in West Africa, posits a colonial power structure

divided by sex, betrayal, and hypocrisy, and populated by a morally unfinished elite for whom murder is simply another rung on the career ladder. Dickinson had a great source in Louis Untermeyer's novel, but budgetary problems and inexperience meant the film's subject matter wasn't its only problem: the movie was edited, overly bloodied and displayed its haphazardly-produced value in every scene.

Real success came with *The Arsenal Stadium Mystery*, a fratty detective-pornocorn surrounding a murder at the home of the Queen that captures a first-righted 1930s London sunny scene in tiles of the film, and features the real Arsenal squad of 1929 (more importantly, if we're to believe that the professional Dickinson had commercial appeal).

When the director was offered an adaptation of Arthur Hennings' high-pitched daylight, he had just these words to prepare. The stage producer had been cast enough, but daylight, the mosquitoes, claustrophobic. His hot Blackpool hospital, was astounding. The story of a husband's meticulous attempt to convince his wife of her infidelity for the sake of his own survival, this movie has to stand out amongst shadow and the shifting weight of modern back and forth between the obfuscation of popular, the public inventa.

To boot, daylight was too good. Across the Atlantic, the success of the stage version in Broadway had prompted MGM to buy the US film rights. Irakli Berlman and Charles Boyer were on board and the studio giant went ahead to let a few budget British thrillers upset the applecart, no matter how well received it had been. MGM promptly bought the rights from British Mutual and included a clause that, anyone or

No.



it was, illustrate the regard in which they held Dickinson's film all over, and the neglect, were to be destroyed. Dickinson's reaction is recorded, except in the survival of his film in the form of a single copy. It's mostly made just before the BFI's *Men* series acknowledged their complete ignore.

The last major reason has been seen as uncharacteristically unambitious for the brilliant Dickinson, but he was never comfortable submitting to authority. His two other great films, the seething personal combat *The Queen of Spades* (now recently listed by Morris Sollman) and the proto-thriller *The Desert People* (1952) distinguished themselves by flight and strong unfettered opinion among critics and public.

But the last-redeem movie of the industry had taken their toll and by 1950, with just nine features on his directorial resume, including work for the Ministry of Information and an Israeli war movie, Dickinson had had enough of the never-conclusive cinema pictures and began "who knows all concerned about their bank balances, which vehicles and approaches the artists and managers have at birth." He never took shooting film.

As a director, his last work bears comparison with Powell and Pressburger and David Lean, but his stubborn adherence to his art vision meant he had had to be reassessed as the twenty-first century. He was on undulating commitment to personal values that summed up in his reply to MGM in 1941 to David O'Sullivan's 2,500-word telegram inviting him to work in Hollywood. It read: "Sorry, there's a war on."

WORDS BY PAUL FAIRCLough



THE ARCHIVE

NO. 09 THE BROWN BUNNY

Five years after his political satire as much as Vincent Gallo's follow-up to his 1998 debut *Burn! Burn! Burn!* Presented at Cannes in 2003 in a cut running at a little less than two hours, *The Brown Bunny* was greeted with levels of derision causing Gallo the film's writer,

producer, editor, production designer and director of photography (and, we forget, camera operator) to apologize for the film at a press conference. Never one to mind an opportunity to add fuel to the fire, Gallo then explained that the fact that the French critics seemed to defend it was the edit in the round...

Gallo later denied issuing such an apology,

but nevertheless filed his wounds in the cutting room where he isolated his much-maligned project to a mere inauspicious 92 minutes for its subsequent US release. He then paid for expensive billboard ads out of his own pocket (which was later removed due to their explore issues) in an effort to effect the film's failed to make even the slightest controversial impression.

There was, however, a certain critical response, with a small number of the film's foreign critics, including Roger Ebert, with whom Gallo became embroiled in a vitriolic public war, coming to defend the film's uncompromising portrait of masculinity in crisis.

Stricken in a succession of pressurized, The Brown Bunny failed to find a theatrical release in the UK, but found favour with more discerning critics such as The Daily Telegraph's Christopher Smallwood, who defended the film, calling the original (and uncut) Gallo's not 'a pretentious, self-indulgent' monstrosity encapsulating 'near-warriorism.'

Gallo plays stoicophile raider Bill Clay. Bill has just lost a nose in New Hampshire, but already heads to his next vacation in Southern California. The film closely follows Bill's every edifice on his journey, capturing him driving, pumping gas, visiting a gas station, driving and then abandoning an anonymous girl (Cheri Tiegs) and racing his bike on the photogenic granite mountains of the San Bernadino range.

But it is also interesting searching for the source of his happy exterior, a former film nerd Dairy

Lumière (John Slattery), who we see in soft-focus flashbacks. Arriving in California, Bill chafes under the heat but adapts to a sort of physical interaction with the Daily Telegraph's Christopher Smallwood, who defended the film, calling the original (and uncut) Gallo's not 'a pretentious, self-indulgent' monstrosity encapsulating 'near-warriorism.'

An art film's ultimate purpose is to baffle its viewers, to long periods very little response – or, as in the case, consistently applauded after Dallas' chapter driving monotonously to change his diet – The Brown Bunny is also a sort of an art branding, intense and uncompromising.

Unlikely in blockers, mismatched, long takes, it's a self-stylizing road movie that purports the laudable, entrepreneurial spirit of '90s films including *Easy Rider* and *Two-Lane Blacktop* or its handling of the theme of parapsychic invention. Most of the film is shot in a static camera through Bill's dirty bug splattered windowpane, the endearing freezy

whining not vacuous and escape (or frequently portayed in other road movies) but introspection, self-shout and catharsis.

Gallo is undoubtedly one of cinema's great visionaries, but is a certain performance of undermined, if preceding, simplicity he also lays himself pretty bare, revealing himself to be deferential and frequently unconvincing. The final and very graphic sex scene between the two male leads receives unrelaxed accusations of misogyny and exploitation, but is basically offering, sexually unerotic and tenderly playful, showing the author highlight Bill's self-obsessing vulnerability. One of the most authentic film experiences in recent memory, the film suffered by the film's somewhat severe strategy in keeping with the nature of audience.

WORDS BY JASON WOOD

THE FRONTLINE LAWRENCE PEARCE'S DIARY OF A MOVIE INSIDER



There is a quote from Robert Moses that goes something like this: 'He continued to be an infant long after he ceased to be a prodigy.' That's pretty much how I've felt during my filmmaking career. After those feelings of being able to rule over the world with your talent, there have suddenly you begin to feel like a fool child.

On December 28 I decided to quit the film industry, or at least directing [although my peers and friends have convinced me to call it an 'inconclusive withdrawal']. I may return to directing movies in the future. But for now I'll concentrate on writing. As previous experience have shown, I see the film industry as an ugly ego-driven, unscrupulous and atheist mafia, and I intended to get out to finding a soul and rekindling my passion for creativity.

A prime example of my frustrations with the film world, certainly in Britain (in the UK Film Council) I have faced Friends who worked within their organization make disturbing claims about nature of its legal application procedure.

It is a secret powerful area, and the Film Council isn't here to defend itself. However whether or not change happens isn't actually what impresses me as I sort of already expect it. What really gets me going is that nearly everybody who works in film has their own story to tell about bad practices and poor attitudes within the industry as a whole, and yet there is no real anger about it. No real fire, resolutions or moral opposition that will tear down the establishment to build a new film industry.

But, the little one now would insist, have its been built and be delighted to see the revolutionaries themselves (are revolutionaries really anything more than politically minded gangsters trying to take over the block?) but at least it would be different and exciting again. I'd have new hope that anything can be achieved and that it's not really all about who you might be in a cocktail bar.

So back to my original quote. The current film industry, mainly British, eventually left me feeling like a four child, a prodigy with talents and vision, looking up at all these old adults that have lost the ability to view the world through the eyes of adult. They took the position and professionalism (filmmaking, artistry, comedy and natural authority out of the individual), an attempt to focus on Karmas and marketing and risk-management and corporate relationships. There are very few movies that I can watch now without being painfully aware of the fact that every decision made along the way had the influence of money-men, advertising companies, studio heads and producers' egos.

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Tickets will be available online or via the Box Office. Prices start from £13 for armchair seats, £28 for 2-seater sofas and £35 for the deluxe 2-seater sofa.

The programme kicks off with Werner Herzog's *Bad Lieutenant* starring Nicolas Cage in the kind of crazy, lurching performances we haven't seen since *Wild At Heart*; the vibrant and uplifting *Streetdance 3D* featuring the cream of UK dance talent including Diversity, Flawless and George Sampson. Also showing is *Brothers Bloom*, *Sex And The City 2* and *Francis Ford Coppola's Tetro* with Vincent Gallo, Michael Verhoeven and newcomer Alton Ehrenreich.

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CHAPTER SIX

**INCOMING:
FUTURE
RELEASES**

ON THE

**LWLIES
RADAR**



TOY STORY 3

中国科学院植物研究所

FOOTBALL

Poor lens will be
internally coating
down the days to the long-awaited
superbowl July 10th. The full-length
maker is now online, complete with
14 new characters voiced by such
actors as Michael Keaton, Kristen
Schulz, Timothy Dalton and Ned
Beatty. To say we are excited is
a gross understatement.

UNTITLED MUPPET PROJECT

SHARON P. JONES BAKER © 2011

CASTING *Judith Apuzzo* regular Jason Segel is set to star in the *Muppets* film screen out this winter. Since 1999, Segel also wrote the script, which sees him travelling around America trying to re-unite the furry bunch. *Julian* directed TV's *Flight of the Conchords*, which basically makes this a *Muppet* movie for the hipster generation.

AUF UND DAVON

ANSWER

NEWS Rather than rush straight into the Hollywood A-list, Christoph Waltz has used his newfound muscle to secure a directing gig. Auf Der Damm (aka Up and Away) is a romantic love-in which a television TV show host falls in love with a co-worker. The Inglourious Basterds star is still deciding whether or not to accept it.

THE TOURIST

BRUNO BERNARDI AL DEMOCRATICO
FEDERICO SARTORI

NEWS The *Eragon* thriller passed by our very own Julian Fellowes might be otherwise unremarkable were it not for the star pairing of Johnny Depp and Argentine *John* in, respectively, an American costume and as Interpol agent. Studio Canal's largest ever production, that should be released in time for *Chemtrails*. *Timothy Dalton* and *Paul Bettany* co-star.

AMERICAN IDIOT

第10章

THE 80S Not sooner has Green Day's ultra-musical opened on Broadway than Hollywood's first went to make a movie out of it. None other than Tom Hanks is set to produce this coming-of-age story set to songs from Green Day's oft-remixed '96 punk album *American Idiot*. You couldn't make a gag.

PAWN SACRIFICE

第六章 亂世之亂

NEWS After wrapping *The Social Network* — which for a modest sum — David Fincher will begin work on the biopic of troubled chess Grandmaster Bobby Fischer, starring Tobey Maguire. Fischer famously won a Cold War era chess game against the Soviet Union's Boris Spassky before succumbing to paranoia and ending himself in lockup.

THE FIRST AVENGER: CAPTAIN AMERICA

GASTING Franchise alert! Chris Evans has signed on as the eponymous patrician hero of comic-book lore. Before you ask how Radio 2's bewildered audience will cope, consider that it is the other Chris Evans, who starred in Danny Boyle's *Sunshine* alongside them. Still, Jeremy Renner should have lived in a sweater park.

THE MASTER

REVIEW BY THOMAS ANDERSON ■ 115

NEWS *Universal hammered*
Anderson's Sociology
movie, which we're to see Philip
Seymour Hoffman as the L. Ron
Hubbard-esque leader of a cult in
the 1950s with *The Hurt Locker's*
Jeremy Renner as his protégé. Let's
hope Anderson finds a studio willing
to risk it because this sounds great.

THE ILLUSIONIST

DIRECTED BY: Léon Scherf (USA) 100 mins 2006

REVIEW Sylvain Chomet's gorgeously-looking animation is based on an unproduced Jacques Tati screenplay: women by the little master as a gift to his estranged daughter. Helene Melet-Journe Scherf, it has led to calls for Scherf to be given a screen credit. Freshly divine, this film – about an itinerant re-ignited by a chance encounter with a young girl – is looking pretty special.

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE IV

DIRECTED BY: J. J. Abrams (USA) 122 mins 2011

REVIEW All the talk has been about the Mission: Impossible series, we could have been less excited about this – until we found out that Tom Cruise and J.J. Abrams are reportedly tapping up *Incredibles* director Brad Bird to take charge. The pair have also talked to our very own Edgar Wright. Sounds interesting.

NORWEGIAN WOOD

DIRECTED BY: Anthony Minghella (UK) 149 mins 2011

REVIEW After many years of refusing to sell the movie rights for his book, the Japanese novelist Haruki Murakami finally allowed Vietnamese director Anh Phung Thanh to make an adaptation of perhaps his most beloved work, a coming-of-age tale set in 1960s Tokyo. Filming has now wrapped, and Jerry Greenfield of Redshift is scoring.

WALL STREET 2: MONEY NEVER SLEEPS

DIRECTED BY: Oliver Stone (USA) 160 mins 2010

REVIEW Stone's sequel to his 1985 classic looks quite good, with what promises to be a return to form from Michael Douglas' Sandy. The film's release has been put back to September. Why? Something to do with the World Cup taking summer audiences away, we hear.



GRAVITY

DIRECTED BY: Alfonso Cuarón (USA) 105 mins 2013

CASTING If Matt Damon Jr. can find space between filming his two big-budget blockbusters (*Iron Man* and *Sherlock Holmes*), he'll love to play an amateur astronaut in outer space in Alfonso Cuarón's sci-fi thriller, which sounds like a 3D adaptation of *2001: A Space Odyssey* but will now be appearing alongside her.

UNTITLED FRENCH WOODY ALLEN PROJECT

DIRECTED BY: Woody Allen (USA) 101 mins 2011

CASTING Even at the age of 84, the wunderkinder New Yorker shows no signs of slowing down. Filming starts soon in Paris on his latest, starring Owen Wilson, Marion Cotillard and, rumour has it, one Carla Bruni Sarkozy. In the meantime, Allen's *You Will Meet A Tall Dark Stranger* starring Antonio Banderas, opens in the autumn.

LET ME IN

DIRECTED BY: Joe Wright (UK) 2011

CASTING Although we are opposed to any mention of Tomas Alfredson's *Let The Right One In*, this does sound like they are doing a justice. Chloe Moretz will play adolescent vampire Abby, while *The Road's* Kodi Smit-McPhee is the boy with whom she falls in love. *Cloverfield* director Matt Reeves takes the helm.

AKIRA

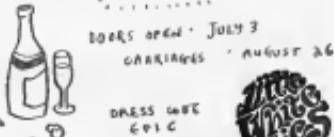
DIRECTED BY: Katsuhiro Otomo (Japan) 2013

REVIEW Fans of Katsuhiro Otomo's comic series will be delighted to know that Allen and Alfonso Cuarón are preparing a live-action film adaptation, all in blocks in the series. Given the Hughes' history of adapting beloved comic books – from *Willy, anyone?* – there is much to be worried about. Leo DiCaprio 'produced'

5

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WORD

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Disaster Emergency Committee, a registered charity (1000000000) that
works to relieve suffering in the immediate aftermath of natural disasters
and man-made crises around the world. To find out more about the
Disaster Emergency Committee, visit www.dec.org

Runtime: 100 minutes (RATED 15)

WWW.FOUR-LIONS.CO.UK

15 CERTIFICATE: 15+ YEARS

**IN CINEMAS
MAY 7**

